



# THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION  
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 50.

Price, Five Cents.

## BUFFALO BILL'S BROTHER IN BUCKSKIN

OR  
THE REDSKIN LARIAT RANGERS



BY  
THE AUTHOR OF  
"BUFFALO BILL."

THE KNIFE NEVER REACHED THE HEART OF THE PAWNEE CHIEF, FOR BUFFALO BILL SPRANG FROM HIS HIDING-PLACE, AND HURLED THE  
SIOUX WARRIOR BACK FROM HIS PROSTRATE ENEMY.



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## Buffalo Bill's Brother in Buckskin;

OR,

## THE REDSKIN LARIAT RANGERS.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

### CHAPTER I.

#### AN INDIAN DUEL.

Buffalo Bill had left Rocky Range military post, where he was commandant of a troop of buckskin scouts, on a special scout into the danger land of the hostiles.

He had gone alone, as he was anxious to discover just what the redskins were up to in the way of deviltry, and also to locate the position of their villages, lately moved, to throw the whites off their guard, and to a position further from the post.

The situation at that time at Rocky Range post was a strange one, in that the hostile Indians were of two different tribes, the Sioux and the Pawnees.

Bitter foes, indeed, to each other were the Sioux and the Pawnees, ever on each other's trail for scalps and booty, yet they were even more bitter in their hatred of the palefaces.

Could they have settled the differences between

them, have forgiven and forgotten the cruel wrongs each tribe had visited upon the other, they would have been glad indeed to unite their forces against the palefaces.

But this they could not do, nor would either tribe unite with the whites against their own race.

Thus the soldiers at Rocky Range post had two foes to dread, and a large force of scouts was kept there under the leadership of the king of all plainsmen, Buffalo Bill.

Suspicious that the Sioux were plotting mischief, Buffalo Bill had gone scouting to take a look at them, to learn just what was going on.

He had gotten well into the hostile country, and had camped for an afternoon rest in a motte, or "timber island"—as a small grove of trees is called—in the midst of the prairie, with hills on either side in the distance.

There was a spring in the timber, good grass and

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thick undergrowth here and there, with places too thick to see through.

His horse, feeding near where he was lying on his blankets, suddenly gave a warning by looking up and gazing fixedly in one direction.

"Trouble coming, old fellow," said the scout, rising and gazing out over the prairie.

"Ah! a redskin chief, and braves following, of course," muttered the scout, as he turned his glass upon a horseman some two miles to the eastward.

Taking a sweeping look around the motte, he discovered a horseman coming in the other direction, and a like distance away.

"Caught between two bands of redskins, by Jove!

"We must get ready for a race, good horse," said the scout, and he again turned his glass upon the prairie, to see how many foes he had to face.

He could see but the two Indians.

They seemed to have no followers, and were riding slowly toward the timber island where he was in hiding.

Just what it meant he could not comprehend; but he held his ground, gazing first upon the one, then upon the other, and musing aloud:

"Only two, well-mounted, and both are chiefs.

"That one to the east is togged out in the full fuss and feathers, war bonnet and all, of a big chief—and he is a Sioux.

"That one to the left is also gotten up regardless of paint, feathers, and expense, and he is a big chief, too—yes, and by the Rockies! he is a Pawnee.

"This grows interesting, and there are but two, old horse, and one a Sioux, the other a Pawnee, so we will not run away so fast as we thought we would.

"But we'll get ready all the same.

"They either do not see each other, with this timber square between them, or they are coming here to have a pow-wow, bury the hatchet between their tribes, and unite against the palefaces.

"Either one or the other—or it is to be a duel between them!

"So I read the signs."

As they drew nearer, Buffalo Bill saddled his horse and led him into a secure hiding-place, while he continued to watch the two Indians.

"They are in full warpaint, their ponies are decked out for war, and it means a duel.

"I'll see the fight, and chip in when the time comes."

Buffalo Bill then crept away to a spot where he could see all that happened, and be ready to fight the two chiefs if it became necessary.

In the meantime, the Sioux and the Pawnee had approached very near the timber, riding slowly.

"If it is a duel, they are as promptly on time as if they carried railroad watches," muttered the scout, and he added:

"I'll umpire the game, though they have not asked me, but the umpire often gets the worst of it, too.

"Now they see each other—yes, it's to be a pow-wow or fight, with a funeral to follow—yes, and I may have to play undertaker for both of them.

"Time will tell, but I can see just what it means—it is to be a duel."

Nearer and nearer the two Indians came, and their eyes were fixed upon each other as they approached.

Just as Buffalo Bill, who knew the Indian character perfectly, had suspected, they did not ride into the timber, but halted within a hundred yards of each other, and each dismounted and staked out his pony.

Then they hung their rifles and bows and arrows upon their saddles, and, throwing off their extra things, began to slowly walk toward each other.

It was just half an hour before sunset now, and the prairie was as quiet as a country churchyard.

The ponies did not crop grass, but stood regarding their masters, as though conscious that something of moment was on hand.

In the deep recesses of the timber not a leaf stirred, and neither chief suspected that there lurked a foe who was the deadliest enemy their tribes had when they were on the warpath.

Had they suspected then that the famous and dreaded Pa-e-has-ka, the scout, was so near, they would gladly have made common cause against him.

But it would have been the death-knell of either, or both, to have then advanced upon him, for his trusty Winchester was at his side, and they would have found him ready for the fray whenever they wished to begin it.

As the two chiefs advanced upon each other to engage in the duel, their ponies staked out behind them, their long war bonnets of eagle feathers falling almost to their feet, their right hands clasping their long, glittering knives, their left arms protected by a rude rawhide shield, and Buffalo Bill crouching in the timber watching them, it made a picture that was most stirring and impressive.

Nearer and nearer they drew, each wary, cunning, determined, and fearless—each thirsting for the life and scalp-lock of the other.

Buffalo Bill now recognized them both—"Sioux Killer," the great, young Pawnee chief, noted for his daring dashes upon his foes, in which he took their lives with his knife alone; and "Deadly Hand," the young Sioux chief, who was also famed for his encounters with his trusty blade in hand-to-hand engagements.

For some reason these two knights of the knife had met to settle their difficulty with a duel to the death, alone, and with knives.

What their motive was, Buffalo Bill could not guess, but he was there, a silent witness of the encounter, and he felt the impressiveness of the situation, and rejoiced that they had not brought their picked warriors as seconds.

No, it was to be a duel to the death there between them!

They could have used their rifles, their bows, or rushed upon each other, mounted, and settled the affair.

But no, it was to be a knife fight afoot, each disdaining to take advantage of the other.

Like gladiators they advanced, ready to leap upon each other when near enough, and when either one saw an opening for a deadly blow.

Suddenly the Pawnee chief, Sioux Killer, gave the wild war-cry of his tribe, and made a bound toward the Sioux.

Instantly the cry was defiantly answered by Deadly Hand, and the two were upon each other.

Two savage lunges were made, and the rawhide shields caught the blades, buried to the hilt in them.

With a twist they were whipped out, and again descended, and each this time found flesh to sheath them in, for the Pawnee's blade sunk into the arm of the Sioux, the latter's into the thigh of his foe.

Then thick and fast rained the blows, oftener striking the shields thrust between them to guard the bodies, and now and then cutting into flesh and grating on bone until the ground reddened beneath the feet of these two deadly red duelists.

Suddenly the Pawnee slipped, tried to recover himself, but fell, and with a wild cry, his foe, though badly wounded, sprung upon him, his knife uplifted to deliver the final blow.

But it never reached the heart of the Pawnee chief,

for Buffalo Bill sprang from his hiding-place, and hurled the Sioux chief back from his prostrate enemy!

That the Pawnee chief was hurt there was no doubt, for he was bleeding from half-a-dozen wounds, but he arose to his feet, his knife in his hand, and stood glaring at his foe, and also at the splendid-looking paleface who had saved him from certain death, and acted not an instant too soon.

The Sioux had fallen heavily when hurled back by the scout, but still grasped his knife, though the foot of Buffalo Bill pinioned his arm to the ground.

His other arm seemed helpless, for he thus lay quiet, but defiant, and looking savagely at the man who had prevented him from killing his foe.

"The Deadly Hand is badly wounded—let him drop his knife," said Buffalo Bill, speaking in the Sioux tongue.

"The Deadly Hand is no coward dog—let the paleface kill him," was the defiant reply.

"The Pa-e-has-ka strikes not a wounded brave. He would spare the Deadly Hand, to go his way. Let him give up his knife."

## CHAPTER II.

### RED AND WHITE PARDS.

To Buffalo Bill's words the Sioux chief's reply was a defiant war-cry, and, seeing that the Sioux was determined to die rather than yield, Buffalo Bill bent over, and, by an effort of his giant strength, twisted the knife from the chief's hand, and threw it to one side.

As he did so, he saw a change come over the face of the Indian; a strange hue showed beneath the war-paint; he gasped for breath, and Buffalo Bill knew that the Deadly Hand had been continuing his fight after he had received his death-wound, for, though death-stricken, the implacable savage would have killed the Pawnee.

Suddenly the head of the Sioux fell back, his lips moved, he tried to utter his death cry of defiance; but the sound ended in a death rattle, and the chief was dead!

Quickly the scout turned to the Pawnee, and said, speaking in his language:

"The Sioux Killer is a great chief; he has slain the greatest of the Sioux chiefs in a personal combat, so

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the scalp, the pony and the weapons of the Deadly Hand are his.

"But the Sioux Killer is wounded, and Pa-e-has-ka will dress his wounds, and let him go his way."

The Pawnee looked at the scout in amazement. He had stood on guard, ready to fight the paleface after the death of his red foe, for he certainly expected to have another combat to the death.

Yet, not only had the scout saved him from the last deadly blow, when at the mercy of the Sioux, but he now spoke to him as a brother, not as an enemy.

He could not understand it, and so still stood, bleeding from his wounds, and gazing in wonder at the white man.

Seeing that he was indeed badly wounded, and would bleed to death, Buffalo Bill at once unbuckled his belt of arms, and, placing them at his feet, advanced, unarmed apparently, toward the redskin.

"My red brother, the Sioux Killer, is bleeding to death. I will help him," he said.

The Indian now recognized that the paleface did not intend to be hostile after all of his proof of friendship, and, more, he could feel that he sadly needed aid, so he said, in a low tone:

"The great White Scalp chief acts like a brother to the Sioux Killer. The Pawnee chief will trust him."

"You are wise, chief, for you are bleeding to death as fast as a horse can run," said Buffalo Bill, in his dry way, and, leading the Indian over to where his saddle was, he hastily took from a pocket in it a little case of medicines, lint, court-plaster, and other things needed.

He glanced over the wounds, nine in number, with the eye of one used to such sights and experienced in caring for them, and, quickly filling his canteen at the spring, he bathed off the one bleeding most freely, stanched the blood, and drew the gaping gash together and held it there with court-plaster.

The other wounds were then dressed in the order of the seriousness, and, when all was done, the sun was just touching the horizon.

The eyes of the Indian had constantly wandered over toward the spot where lay the Deadly Hand; he seemed to look as though the scalp of his foe would be as balm to his wounds.

This Buffalo Bill saw, and so said:

"Now tramp over and yank the scalp from the head of the Deadly Hand, and you'll feel better; then come back, and I'll have your blankets spread for

you, and get some supper for you, for I happen to know that a dying Indian can eat a good meal, and you are not half-dead yet."

"Pa-e-has-ka great chief. Sioux Killer his brother for life," said the Indian, impressively.

When the gory trophy of his victory, the scalp of Deadly Hand, the Sioux chief, hung at his belt, the Sioux Killer felt decidedly better!

The sharp twinges of pain from his wounds were to him as nothing in that moment of signal triumph.

The scout had brought his blankets from his pony, and placed them in the shelter of the rocks, near where he had placed his own.

Here he made the Indian lie down, while he secured the saddle and traps of the Sioux, and placed them near for him to look over, while he led the two ponies to where his own horse was, and staked them out.

It was now dark, but Buffalo Bill had built a fire, sheltered from view by the rocks and surrounding thickets, and he was preparing a supper which greatly interested Sioux Killer.

He had some juicy venison steaks, bacon, crackers and coffee, and he cooked enough to allow for the very liberal appetites of two men.

The Pawnee did not seem to wholly understand the situation.

There he was, camping, being cared for and fed, and having his life saved by a paleface scout whom his tribe feared more than any living human being.

His people were at war with the palefaces; the Pa-e-has-ka had often followed the trails of his braves and led the soldiers to their villages, and his warriors had, time and again, fallen under his deadly aim, and yet here he was with that same deadly foe, as thick as two brothers.

Whatever the motive, he ate heartily, and the scout encouraged him in the act.

When at last the meal was over, Sioux Killer held out his gory hand for the scout to take.

Buffalo Bill ignored the gore and grasped it warmly.

"Sioux Killer Pa-e-has-ka's friend."

"Yes, the paleface and the redskin are pards."

"The Sioux Killer is badly wounded, and his white brother will take him to his people, to whom he will carry the scalp of the great chief Deadly Hand."

"The Deadly Hand is a dog of a Sioux. He sent

a runner to the village of the Pawnee for the Sioux Killer to meet him here and fight with knives.

"The Sioux Killer came; the Pa-e-has-ka saw all.

"Sioux Killer had given the Deadly Hand a wound to kill, but his foot slipped, he fell, and the Sioux chief would have killed him, too, had not the white chief been his friend.

"The heart of the Sioux Killer is not bad; he loves his white brother for saving his life.

"He is badly wounded, and would die but for the care of the Pa-e-has-ka, for his village is far from here.

"If the white chief will go with him, the people of the Sioux Killer will be his friends; they will welcome him, and the tomahawk will be buried between his people and the palefaces.

"Are the ears of the white chief open?"

"You bet they are, chief, and drinking in all that the Sioux Killer says," said Buffalo Bill.

"I am taking big chances," he continued, "to go to your village, for a bullet or an arrow quickly ends a life, and your young braves do not idolize me to any alarming extent, unless it is my scallock; but I'll take the risk and go with you this once, for much good may come of it, if I can get the Pawnees allied with us against the Sioux.

"Yes, I'll go with you, Sioux Killer, and accept your hospitality."

Finding that the chief spoke English fairly well, Buffalo Bill had spoken in that language, and, though the Sioux Killer did not master all that the scout had said, he interpreted it in his own way, as a compliment to himself and his people, and again held out his hand for the scout to shake.

Buffalo Bill then filled his own pipe and the chief's with tobacco, and the two smoked together like old pals.

At last, after looking again to the wounds of the Indian, Buffalo Bill said that he would bury the dead Sioux, for the coyotes were howling about the body, and, this duty of humanity done, he followed the example of his dead friend and went to sleep, for it was decided to start early the next morning for the Pawnee village.

The daring scout had determined to run the gauntlet between life and death!

### CHAPTER III.

#### SCALPS.

The morning dawned to reveal to the eyes of the astonished Pawnee chief that he was lying peacefully within a few feet of his once most-dreaded enemy.

He had suffered during the night, and once or twice had groaned with the pain of his wounds, and instantly the sound had caught the ear of Buffalo Bill, who had risen and gone to him.

Once he had eased the pain by applying witch hazel, which he had with him, and then, after looking to the horses and around the timber, he had returned to his blankets, the Indian grateful for his kindness to him.

Buffalo Bill knew he was in a dangerous locality—a half-way ground between the hostile tribes, and a day's ride from the fort.

He might run upon a scouting party of cavalry from the fort, but he was more likely to meet with a band of hostile Sioux or Pawnees, so he was very cautious.

He got up early and cooked breakfast. The Sioux Killer still retained his appetite, though he was certainly suffering, and Buffalo Bill feared that he was going to become worse.

He led his pony up to him, aided him to mount, and with the pony of the dead Sioux in lead, started upon the trail to the village of the Pawnees, riding slowly, as it was an effort for Sioux Killer to sit on his horse.

It was nearing noon, and Buffalo Bill was looking about for a camping-place for several hours' rest; he glanced behind him.

"We have got to ride for it, chief," he said, quickly, "and fight, too, for there come Sioux on our trail."

Sioux Killer glanced coolly behind him, and said, with no show of uneasiness:

"Umph! Sioux come on our trail, find grave of chief, and want scalp."

"White chief, no fight for Pawnee, maybe die; him ride on, and Sioux Killer die like great chief."

"Just there, Pard Injun, you show that your acquaintance with Buffalo Bill is limited, for I am not that kind of a man."

"There are just nine braves in that band, and we can cut that number down a few, and I have no intention of letting them get my scalp, or yours, either."

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"Good, brave paleface chief!"

"Thanks; but there is a dandy place ahead, where we can stand them off, for it is a pool surrounded by rocks, and sheltered by trees, while there is grass about the little basin, and open prairie all around it.

"It is not half-an-acre in size, and I have provisions for several days, not to speak of your supplies and those the chief Deadly Hand had with him.

"Just hold yourself together, now, pard, and we'll strike a lope for the place I speak of."

It was evident that the greater speed caused the Pawnee great pain, but he stood it without a murmur, and, in half-an-hour, they came to the basin, the ideal spot for a small party of men to stand at bay.

The Indians on their trail had dashed forward more swiftly when they discovered that they had been seen, and were but a mile behind when the scout and the Sioux Killer reached the basin.

Hastily unsaddling the horses and staking them out, Buffalo Bill said:

"Make yourself comfortable, chief, for you need rest, and if I have to call upon you I will do so."

"Me ready now."

"No, lie down, and I'll take care of those fellows at the start," and the scout swung his rifle around for use.

The Indians still came on, enraged at the death of their chief, for they had opened the grave and discovered his body. They determined to rush right upon their foes, confident of their numbers, and not knowing just whom they had to deal with.

Buffalo Bill calmly awaited their approach, measured the distance carefully, then raised his rifle and pulled trigger on the young chief who was in advance.

He dropped from the saddle at the crack of the rifle, a pony went down at the second shot, a warrior toppled over at the third, and, with his wild, defiant war cry, known to all the tribes on the prairie, Buffalo Bill sprang over the rocky basin, pumping out lead as he advanced upon the redskins.

His first shot had checked their rapid advance, his second had brought them to a halt, the third had made them half-wheel, as though to retreat, and when he appeared advancing upon them, his rifle rattling forth deadly hail as he did so, they turned in wild flight, for there was no shelter near.

The war cry had told them who it was that faced

them so boldly, and, as braves and ponies went down, thinning the nine warriors by three and dropping four of their horses, they did not halt for their dead, but stampeded in wild flight, while after them rang the dreaded war cry of the Pawnee chief.

"Hello, chief, you here?" cried Buffalo Bill, as he now beheld the Pawnee close behind him, staggering along with his own and the Sioux's rifle.

"Yes, me here; white chief heap brave!"

"Well, we have settled those fellows, and there is a string of scalps for you, for I don't raise the hair of my slain," said the scout.

But Sioux Killer did, and quickly took the three scalps, stripped the braves of their weapons, and then retreated with Buffalo Bill, who said:

"See here, chief, if you don't keep quiet, I'll have you to bury yet, for you are in a bad way."

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE LONE SCOUT.

Meanwhile much anxiety was felt regarding Buffalo Bill at Rocky Range Post.

The great scout had overstayed his time, and his men in buckskin were becoming fearful of the fate of their beloved leader.

The commandant sat in his quarters listening to the report of a captain of cavalry, who had been absent for several days upon a special scouting expedition, the real cause of which was to find some trace of the chief of scouts, Buffalo Bill.

When more than a week had gone by and he failed to appear, the commandant had grown most anxious regarding the fate of the popular scout, and had sent Captain Emory and his troop to look him up.

The scout Buttons had accompanied the troop. He was known to be a good man on a trail, and an old Indian fighter, while he was devoted to his chief, Buffalo Bill.

But when four days more passed and the troop did not return, there was an officer in the fort, who went to the colonel's quarters and asked as a special favor to be allowed to go upon the trail in search of Cody, remarking:

"I am really alarmed now, colonel, for Cody's safety, and I would request leave to go in search of him."

That officer was the surgeon at the fort, and yet

one who had won fame as a scout and Indian fighter second only to Buffalo Bill.

His name is Frank Powell, for he is still alive, and a man of great popularity and high position.

To the army he was the "fighting surgeon," while the Indians had given him the name of the "White Beaver."

Between the fighting surgeon and Buffalo Bill there existed a friendship as true as steel, and many a desperate trail had they been on together, many a time had the one saved the other's life.

"Well, Powell, Captain Emory has not returned, and, as I am getting anxious for his safety, as well as for Buffalo Bill's, and as I know well your skill as a scout, I will let you go on the hunt for them.

"Whom do you wish to take with you?"

"No one, sir, save an extra horse, which I shall use as a pack animal, as I wish to go well supplied."

"I wish you had gone with Emory, but a troop is at your service, if you wish it."

"Thank you, I prefer to go alone."

And that night the fighting surgeon started alone upon the trail, and the next afternoon in came Captain Emory and his troop.

Captain Oscar Emory had deservedly won his spurs on many a hard-fought field.

When he had gone on the search for Buffalo Bill, with Buttons as his scout, all predicted that he would soon find him or learn his fate.

Then anxiety began to be felt for the captain and his men, but he came back in safety.

He had had a brush with a squad of Sioux and handled them roughly, and he had noticed that they had a captive in their midst, a white man, and Private Fenton, who had gotten much nearer the redskins than any one else, making a dash into their midst and rescuing Lieutenant Armstrong, who was wounded slightly and had fallen beneath his horse, which was killed, had reported that the Sioux prisoner was a man in appearance very much like Buffalo Bill.

The band of Indians had been driven in retreat as far as Captain Emory dared venture with his small force, and, returning toward the fort, they had met Surgeon Powell, who was following a small trail which he said he would stick to in the hope of finding some trace of the missing scout.

Doctor Frank Powell started upon the search for

Buffalo Bill like one who made a business of what he had to do.

Buffalo Bill had given him an idea of the way he would go before he left the fort, and the fighting surgeon felt sure that he could soon discover from his trail whether he had first gone to the Sioux or the Pawnee countries, and knowing this he would know better where to look for him.

It had been a long time for any trace of an ordinary trail to last, but then there had been no rain, and he knew the hooftracks of Cody's horse well.

He went first to a small stream which Buffalo Bill would have been sure to cross if he went to the Pawnee country before he did to that of the Sioux, for, both tribes living in the mountains, they were yet divided by a wide valley, through which flowed a river with a swift current and banks only here and there broken so that a descent and a crossing could be made.

The surgeon was thoroughly equipped for a long trail, being amply supplied with provisions and ammunition, while he carried on his pack horse an extra Winchester rifle, for use in close quarters.

With eyes as keen as an eagle's, a nerve of iron, indomitable will, and endurance that was wonderful, while he was a skilled trailer and Indian fighter, Frank Powell was the very man to go in search of a pard whom he regarded as a brother.

Going first to the little stream, a short search showed him that the scout had crossed there, for his trail was still visible.

This was proof that Buffalo Bill had gone up into the Pawnee country, and, striking off upon it, the fighting surgeon followed it as well as he could, keeping as directly as possible on the course that the scout would be most likely to follow when no trace of a track was visible.

It was upon the next morning that he met Captain Emory and his command, and heard the report of that officer, and the opinion of Buttons and Private Fenton regarding the capture of Buffalo Bill.

"I hardly think Bill has been caught napping, or allowed himself to be penned up in a trap; but if he is still a prisoner, I must know it, so I will push on as I am going, Captain Emory, and if I make any discovery, I will come to the fort for aid," said the fighting surgeon, and so he parted with the troop and continued on his way alone.

He was about to look for a noon camping-place

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when he suddenly crossed a fresh trail, or, rather, one made some time after the one going into the Indian country, and going in the direction of the Sioux country.

At last a clump of timber was visible ahead, and, as the trail led toward this, the surgeon rode on more rapidly.

Something seemed to impress him with the idea that he would make a discovery in that timber, and, before long, he came upon a fresh trail of no less than nine ponies.

"Ah! Bill had redskins following him. I sincerely hope he found a good standing-off place in yonder timber, which I do not remember to have ever visited," muttered the surgeon, as he urged his horse on more rapidly.

But, as he drew nearer the timber, he approached cautiously, peered keenly into it, and soon after he rode upon a pack of coyotes, hovering around well-picked human bones.

"Ah! there was a tragedy here!" and the fighting surgeon hastily dismounted and began to gather the scattered bones together.

### CHAPTER V.

#### READING SIGNS.

Surgeon Powell quickly discovered that the skull, so well picked of all flesh by the coyotes and vultures, was that of an Indian, and he muttered:

"Sioux, and a large fellow he was."

"Instead of killing Cody, the scout got in his work on Mister Redskin."

"But the body was buried, I see, and by a white man, for no Indian ever dug that grave."

"And then the body was torn out of the grave, and not by coyotes, either."

"I will stop here over night, reconnoiter, and try to find out just what has taken place."

So the fighting surgeon went into camp for the night, and his close observation of the surroundings led to the discovery that there had been two trails, other than the scout's, leading to the timber about the same time that Buffalo Bill had arrived, and coming from opposite directions.

The track of the nine ponies was apparently of more recent date, and three tracks left the timber together, leading from a small camp among the

rocks, while the nine tracks followed on after the others.

"I think Buffalo Bill must have surprised these two Indians, killed one and bagged the other; but why did he not come on to the fort with his prisoner?" said the surgeon, thoughtfully, and he added:

"Maybe those nine redskins are the cause of it."

"I will know to-morrow."

He camped in the timber all the night, and, at the first peep of day was in the saddle and off on the trail.

It was nearing noon when he came to the place where the scout and Sioux Killer had stood at bay, and he read the signs he saw there well, for he drove the coyotes away from the Indian ponies, and found a grave which he knew held several bodies.

At once he set to work to open the grave, which he knew had been dug by a white man, while in the little timber island were the remains of a recent camp and the tracks of three horses—two ponies and the shod horse of Buffalo Bill.

The grave revealed three dead Indians, and that they had been scalped the surgeon at once discovered.

He filled in the grave and muttered to himself:

"Cody was at bay here, and he must have made his Indian captive help him to stand off the pursuers, for he did some hot work."

"But who scalped the three dead Sioux, for Sioux they are, and is Cody's captive a Sioux the others are trying to rescue, or a Pawnee?"

"That is a question I cannot answer, but, from what I have seen, matters do not look very bright for Bill's safety, so I must hasten on, for, if he is a captive, the colonel will make a bold effort to save him, for Pawnee or Sioux will show Cody no mercy."

"As the trail goes off in this direction, the redskin with Cody must be a Pawnee, and, now I think of it, perhaps Buffalo Bill may be the captive!"

Again starting on the trail, Surgeon Powell discovered that Buffalo Bill's horse and the two Indian ponies continued on together, and at a very slow pace.

There was evidence of frequent camps made, and short distances traveled between the camping-places.

The delays that Surgeon Powell met with had, of course, put him back considerably on the trail, but he pressed on and did not camp until it was too dark to

see the trail he followed, and which, having been made quite a time before, was very indistinct.

He had left the prairie country, and was looking for a noon camp, the following day, when he heard distant firing.

He quickly drew rein and listened, and the shots came distinctly to his ears.

At once he rode on, and at a gallop, his pack horse keeping up without urging.

Coming to an opening in the timber on the range he was crossing, he halted, hitched his horses, and, creeping to some rocks, peered over into the valley beyond.

What he saw caused him quickly to unsling his rifle for use.

He looked over a precipitous mountain side into a valley, wherein, something like half-a-mile from the range where he was, he beheld a little rocky spur or hill in which some one had taken shelter to fight for his life.

Around this spur were half-a-hundred redskins, and his experienced eye quickly told him that they were Sioux.

They were dismounted, but their ponies were not very far behind them, also forming a circle around the hill where the party was at bay.

The Sioux were concealed by what places of shelter they could find—a rock, a fallen tree, thicket, and, in several cases, a dead pony, of which there were four visible.

Who the men in the hilltop was, standing bravely at bay, the fighting surgeon could only conjecture, for they were concealed from him.

But, from the top of a tree rising above the thicket of pines, fluttered a small United States flag, and Frank Powell muttered:

"Buffalo Bill always carries a small flag with him, and, as there is no party out from the fort, it must be he."

"If not, it is some small party on the way to the fort."

"There! that was a good shot at long range, and hark! those yells from the hills are Pawnee war cries," and the fighting surgeon referred to a shot that had killed a Sioux, and which was followed by war cries from the party at bay on the hill.

"That flag bothers me, when the battle cries show that there are Pawnees on the hill."

"Can Buffalo Bill be there, I wonder?"

"If so, the Pawnees are his foes as much as are the Sioux."

"Well, I fight for the flag, no matter whom it waves over, and I have a good chance to open lively from here, and should bring down four or five Sioux before they can hunt cover, and, stampeding them, should give the party at bay on the hill also a chance to pick them off."

"Yes, I'll give a bugle call, showing myself at one place, then mount and let them see me, and quickly coming back here will open fire, and empty both my Winchesters, which will make them believe there is a troop of cavalry coming to the rescue."

"Yes, I'll show my flag, too."

With this, Surgeon Powell went to his pack saddle and took out a small United States flag, and fastened it to a stick, after which he got out a small bugle, and went to a point of rocks where he could be plainly seen when attention was directed toward him.

He had left his horses at another point, where he could show them. His Winchesters were at the place where he had been when he made the discovery of the Sioux besieging the party on the hilltop.

All this time rifles were cracking and arrows flying in both directions.

Suddenly revealing himself upon the rocky point, the fighting surgeon placed the bugle to his lips, and clear, sharp and ringing sounded the notes of warning.

The first note caught the ears of Sioux and Pawnees alike, and wild yells came from the latter.

Dashing back from the point, Surgeon Powell threw himself in the saddle, and spurred into view at another opening, waving the flag that he carried.

Again he disappeared, and a minute after he had reached his Winchesters, and, as he saw the Sioux were retreating to their ponies, followed by a ringing fire from the hilltop, he cried:

"That is Buffalo Bill's rifle speaking now, and he is doing splendid work!"

"I'll join in the concert, I guess! He'll recognize my music, I'm sure!"

And the rifle of the surgeon scout also began to rattle.

As soon as it was emptied, he seized the second one, and, by the time he had fired the last shot from this, the Sioux were in a perfect stampede all around the hill, rushing for their ponies, and riding toward

a common center beyond to join their forces, and go in rapid retreat.

But they did not escape scatheless, for the fighting surgeon had brought down several braves and ponies, and, driving them from cover, those in the hill-top had also killed several, while loud and clear rang the battle cry of Buffalo Bill, it being promptly answered by the brave officer who had rendered him and those with him such splendid service in time of greatest need.

Seeing that the Indians were in full flight, Surgeon Powell mounted his horse, and, waving his flag, rode out to meet Buffalo Bill.

## CHAPTER VI.

### TROUBLE AHEAD.

"Well, Bill, I have found you. I am glad to say, for I was on your trail; but, come, I advise that you start upon the back trail the way I came, for those Sioux may not be so badly scared as not to turn and see that but one man stampeded them."

"One man worth a score any day, Doc; but do you mean that you are alone?"

"Yes, Bill, except my pack horse hitched back yonder on the range," and Surgeon Powell pointed back to his position.

"But I saw the bugler, color-bearer and mounted men. The Sioux saw, too."

"One and the same, yours truly, Buffalo Bill."

"Just like you, my brother in buckskin, to make a bigger show of force for one man than a dozen really ordinary men could make."

"You were on my trail, then?"

"Yes, but get your band started on the trail, and I'll tell you all and how glad I am to see you alive, for they are most anxious about you at the fort."

"I'll move at once," and Buffalo Bill turned toward several Pawnee braves who stood near him.

Surgeon Powell had mounted his horse when the Sioux stampeded, and rode down the spur, and Buffalo Bill had come down to meet him apart.

When he spoke to the Pawnees, they ran back into their retreat, which had served them so well, and instantly there appeared a score of splendid-looking braves, all well mounted, but armed only with bows and arrows and lassoes.

Behind them came a motley crowd, also mounted,

of white—nine in number—and a negro man and woman.

"They were captives to the Pawnees," Buffalo Bill explained to Surgeon Powell, and he added:

"They were released by Chief Sioux Killer, and are returning with me to the fort, while the young braves are acting as an escort and are the dandiest lot of lasso-throwers I ever saw. Sioux Killer, whose life I saved, conducted me to his village. He was badly wounded when I got him, but is as well as ever now. He is the leader of these braves with me as an escort."

"Well, Bill, you seem to have struck it rich up in the Pawnee country, and I am most impatient to hear your story."

"If you can trust your red men to go on alone, let us ride up to the ridge yonder, and show ourselves to the Sioux that they may be encouraged to continue their flight, for when I first saw but half-a-hundred, I found when they fled that they were fully double that number."

"Yes, all of that, although, with your aid, we cut down that number by a score."

"We were jumped by them last night, and, fortunately, were near that hill, which was a good retreat for us."

"One of the captives, an old man, and two of the redskins were killed, however, and several are slightly wounded."

"I am ready now to ride forward with you, Doc."

"All right; but get onto your red lariat throwers, will you?"

Buffalo Bill saw that the young braves were very coolly scalping the dead Sioux, and he remarked:

"Oh, yes, they are right in their line in hair-raising, and it will help us to have them take back a few scalps with them."

The party being now on the trail by which the surgeon scout had come, the latter with Buffalo Bill dashed forward to the ridge over which the Sioux had retreated.

The Indians had halted half-a-mile away, but, seeing the two horsemen come into sight, rapidly moved on once more, and were encouraged by a few shots from the Winchesters, which, in spite of the distance, dropped their bullets in their midst.

"Yes, they are all of a hundred, I see; but they are demoralized, and we have nothing further to fear from them."

"See, as we do not pursue, they are hastening in their flight, evidently thinking that the troops are moving around on the ridge to flank them."

"That's what they think, Frank, so we will wait here to encourage them in their flight, and, meanwhile, you can tell me how it is that you happen here just in the nick of time, for rifles were scarce in my outfit and ammunition mighty low?"

"Well, Bill, you did not turn up on time, so, after waiting a while for you to come in, the colonel sent Captain Emory and his troop after you, and I followed later."

"I met Emory on his return, the scout, Buttons, having reported that he saw a captive in the hands of a band of Sioux with whom they had a brush. Private Fenton also saw him, and they said that it was you!"

"But I came on, and here I am, so now to your story, Bill."

"See there, Doc," and Buffalo Bill pointed to a much larger band of Sioux now filing into sight.

Surgeon Powell needed no warning from Buffalo Bill at what he saw.

The retreating Indians, now a couple of miles away, had come to a halt.

A signal came from those in retreat, and they at once rode forward at a canter.

"There are a couple of hundred of them, Bill."

"Yes, Frank, and more to come, for see that fellow on the ridge is signaling to others not in sight to us."

"You are right, and our place is to make tracks at full speed."

"Just so, but to try to check pursuit by a show of camping on the ridge and having force enough to check them."

"You mean by building campfires, now that night is coming on?"

"Yes, and then pushing on at full speed, while I dash on to the fort for aid, and you take command of the outfit."

"No, Bill, this is your picnic, and you stay with the captives and lasso-throwing guard. It is I who will ride to the fort for aid."

"Yes, there come others into view, and we now have about four hundred Sioux on our trail."

"Then we will ride for it, Frank," and the two friends dashed on to the top of the range where the party had halted.

A few words explained the situation, and, while the captives rode on with several of the braves, Buffalo Bill and the Pawnees set to work to build a number of campfires on the range, for night was near at hand, and the idea was to make the Sioux believe a large force of cavalry had encamped there.

By this ruse, the little party could get a full night's start, it was hoped.

The surgeon scout, having decided to be the courier to the fort, stripped his horse of all extra weight, carried only a little food, and, after a few words with Buffalo Bill, started off, determined to make the fort in the shortest time possible.

He knew the country well, and would follow no trails, taking a course as the crow flies, as near as it was possible to do so, and hoping to reach the fort by noon the next day, and at once start a force of cavalry to the rescue.

At the fort, anxiety deepened for the fate of Buffalo Bill, and a dread was felt also that the desire of Surgeon Powell to rescue his friend would cause him to be even more reckless than was his wont.

Since Captain Emory's return there was a general gloom over the fort, for Buffalo Bill was a favorite with all; he was the idol of his band of scouts, and a great favorite with all the officers, who always treated him as though he held a commission.

Colonel Markham had begun to consider the request of Buttons, the scout, to go out with the company of men in buckskin under the command of Buffalo Bill, in search of their chief, and to send with them Captain Emory and a couple of troops of cavalry.

He had just decided to do so, when it was reported to him that a horseman was rapidly approaching the fort.

The colonel soon learned that the horseman was urging the animal he rode hard, and soon after that his horse had fallen with him, and, failing to rise, the rider had at once started on at a run.

Instantly a led horse was dispatched to his aid, and met him a mile from the fort, when he was seen to mount and dash on at full speed.

"It is Surgeon Powell!" cried the officer of the day, as his glasses revealed the straps on his shoulders, and he recognized the tall form and handsome face of the daring officer scout.

A cheer went up from the men as the fighting surgeon dashed into the fort, and, raising his hat cour-

teously, rode rapidly on to headquarters, threw himself from the saddle, and was met by the colonel with extended hands and the words:

"Welcome back, Powell; you have news of Cody?"

"Yes, sir, and will you order a troop at once, sir, ready for a hard ride, with two others, and a couple of light guns to follow, for there is a large force of Sioux hot upon the trail of Cody and a party of captives—men, women and children—brought from the Pawnee village.

"I will guide the relief, sir, by the most direct trail to the rescue."

Colonel Markham saw at once that Surgeon Powell was in deadly earnest, and he ordered a troop in readiness, Cody's band of scouts as well, with a couple of other troops and two light guns to follow with supplies, as soon as they could be gotten ready.

Then he said:

"You have ridden hard, Surgeon Powell, and your face shows it."

"I hardly thought it possible to reach here before noon, sir, and it is just nine o'clock.

"I killed my horse, sir, but that is a small matter in the rescue of human life.

"I left Cody at dark last night, sir, and the demand for aid was most urgent.

"I will go to my quarters, sir, and be back in time to guide the relief."

"But you are not able to go, Powell!"

"Oh, yes, sir, for I am as tough as a pine knot, you know."

"But tell me something of Cody and those captives."

"I can tell you nothing, sir, as I know only that I came upon Cody, his captives and a band of young Pawnee braves, who are, strange to say, his allies.

"They were in a tight place, besieged by Sioux, and my coming gave them a loophole to escape, when other Sioux appeared, and Buffalo Bill, the captives and the Pawnees are pushing for the fort with all speed, and about half-a-thousand hostiles upon their trail, while I came as a courier for aid."

"And nobly have you done your work, Surgeon Powell; but I dislike to see you overtax yourself, when the scouts can guide the expedition."

"I know the direct trail, sir, and can save several hours, and that means much."

"I will go, sir, and be ready when the command is," and the fighting surgeon hastened to his own quarters to prepare for the long trail.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AN AMBUSHCADE.

When Surgeon Powell had left the party under Buffalo Bill, the latter prepared to make the best of the situation, but said to the captives, who seemed to feel that they were doomed to be captured now by the more cruel Sioux:

"If any man on earth can bring us aid, Doctor Powell is that man.

"He has a wonderful horse there, and he knows the country thoroughly; so, while he is striving to help us, we must do all that we can for ourselves."

The campfires along the ridge had been built, were a score in number, and the women and children had been sent on ahead, one of the braves serving as a guide toward the fort, while Buffalo Bill and the lasso throwers remained behind to check any advance of the Sioux.

Reconnoitering with his glass, Buffalo Bill felt sure that the Sioux would not tarry any longer than the first peep of day to advance and be ready in position then to attack.

Of course, they would find their foes gone, but, with the captives and several wounded, the party could not travel very fast, and it was a long trail to the fort, so that the Sioux, if well mounted, could overtake them by the following night.

Buffalo Bill set the pace of retreat slow but sure, halting when necessary for rest, and by dawn they had gone all of twenty miles over the mountain trail.

They felt sure that this distance at least was between them and their pursuers, yet could not hope that it would remain long thus.

There was a long halt then made for rest and breakfast, and when the march was resumed again the pace was more brisk, as by daylight they could better see their way.

Arriving at a range through which the trail wound, the Pawnee braves halted and talked together excitedly for a few moments, and when Buffalo Bill came up he learned from them that they were anxious to ambush the Sioux there.

The scout examined the position and saw that the braves could hide themselves there, leave their horses

on ahead, deliver a fire upon the Sioux, and then running to their horses, who would have had a rest, readily escape before they could be attacked by the main force.

"It is a good idea, and I will be with you," said Buffalo Bill, and then he told them that from a point some distance back, he had seen the advance guard of the Sioux pushing on.

"There were about fifty of them, as well as I could see with my glasses, and they must be well ahead of the others," he explained to the braves.

Then word was sent on ahead for those in the lead to push on until they found a good camping-place, and one that could be well defended, for the horses were getting tired out, and, on account of the women and children, the scout felt that a halt must be made, perhaps a stand at bay to fight for life. He fondly hoped that the ambush contemplated would check the Sioux.

The ponies of the young braves were staked out a mile beyond the ambush, and the party went into hiding along the top of a cliff, along the base of which the trail ran—thirty feet beneath them.

The plan was to deliver a hot fire upon the advance, and then fly while they were in disorder, cutting off, as they could, being on foot, a distance of a quarter of a mile, which one mounted would have to ride.

It was a wait of a little over an hour when the Sioux advance came into sight, and every Pawnee stood ready with his bow and arrow, while Buffalo Bill crouched in a position whence he could deliver a raking fire with his Winchester.

There were some sixty Sioux in the advance, and this was a sure indication that they had a large force following, one they knew was strong enough to dare go near the fort.

The Sioux were pressing their ponies hard, for they had discovered by the trail that there were not over thirty in the party they were pursuing, and they wanted every scalp in the outfit.

They had also seen that they had run from a false alarm, that there had been no cavalry force come to the rescue, no soldiers around the campfires, and the rapid retreat of their enemy showed that no help was near at hand.

Enraged by their losses, their being driven off by a ruse, and the escape of their foes, the best mounted men were pushed ahead to capture the fugi-

tives, or bring them to a halt until the main force came up.

On came the Sioux, their ponies pushed hard, for they felt that their foes could not be over six miles ahead, and they must catch them before sunset.

That a small force, such as they were, would halt for a fight or an ambush they did not consider, and hence they rode into the gap with no thought of danger. Suddenly there came down upon them a perfect shower of arrows, a silent rain of death.

And following this rang out the deadly music of Buffalo Bill's repeating rifle, and the air seemed filled with dark, whirling clouds, as a score of lassoes went swirling down to catch over the heads of the surprised, terrified and struggling mass of red humanity in the narrow gap.

Out of the three-score that had met that silent shower of deadly arrows, had faced the rattling ring of Cody's rifle, and then been entangled in the fatal coils of the lassoes, about half went down, the rest wheeling and flying, almost without a return fire.

With wild yells of triumph, the deadly lasso-throwers then felt no desire to fly to their ponies, but, half-falling, half-leaping down the steep sides of the cañon, they sprang among the dead and dying Sioux, and soon each one waved aloft one or more gory scalps in triumph.

But the warning cry of the cool-headed white chief called them to retreat, and away they sped on foot, ere the amazed advance guard of the Sioux had rallied in their flight when seeing they were not pursued.

It was a rapid, hard run to their horses, and, mounting, they pushed on, frenzied with joy over the deadly blow they had struck, while at their head rode Buffalo Bill, stern and determined, as he muttered:

"I want this band of Pawnees for Indian scouts to fight the Sioux with, and, allied with my brave boys in buckskin at the fort, I would not fear to face ten times our number."

The young braves rode on, elated over their victory, and regarding their white chief with more awe and admiration than ever, for he had planned the blow and the retreat, though the thought had occurred to them.

Then, too, they had seen the deadly execution of his matchless rifle, and they were sure that he would lead them again to victory.

Overtaking the captives, Buffalo Bill found that they had halted in a piece of timber just off the trail, through which wound a small stream.

There was a rise there, with open country about them, while beyond for many miles there were level plains, and no chance to stand at bay if overtaken.

It was only a little after noon, and yet Buffalo Bill decided to press no further on, but to stand at bay there, for the force of Indians would not come up much before dark, and a general attack would hardly be made before the next morning. By that time, knowing Surgeon Powell as he did, he felt sure that aid would not be very far away.

Then, too, they were nearly forty miles nearer the fort than when the fighting surgeon started on his long ride for help, so the rescue party would have that much less to ride.

So, all things considered, Buffalo Bill decided to make his stand there, and he was glad to see, from the nature of the timber, that another ambush could be laid.

To do this, as the trail through the timber showed distinctly, he had all the ponies led on beyond it to a rise a couple of miles away, and there he built several fires, so that the smoke would indicate a camp.

Back, then, over the trail, the ponies were led, and they were hidden under the banks of the stream so they could not be seen by the approaching Indians.

There was fallen timber there, too, and this was all arranged as a breastwork, where the party could lie in ambush.

To any one approaching the timber not a sign of an ambush could be seen, while the trail leading on beyond would indicate that only a noonday halt had been made there.

The women and children were placed in shelter under the banks of the stream, two of the captive white men volunteering to aid in the defense, though armed only with bows and arrows, while a young girl of eighteen, the daughter of an old man who had been killed back at the last retreat, said, bluntly:

"I will use my father's rifle and do the part of a man, as death has no terrors for me."

Buffalo Bill urged against this, but the brave girl would not lend the rifle to one of the white men, and was so determined that he yielded, with the remark: "You are as plucky as you are pretty, miss."

"I am not a coward, and, if I am pretty, I don't

know it, for, ever since I was twelve, I have been a captive among the Pawnees.

"Like a dream it comes to me now of a home, with a mother, sisters and a brother; but the Sioux came and murdered all, and made my father and myself captives.

"The Pawnees captured us from the Sioux, and thus we have lived, so I am as much Indian as pale-face.

"I hate the Sioux, so will fight them," and the girl's eyes flashed fire at the memory of her past.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE GIRL SURE-SHOT.

Buffalo Bill gazed with admiration upon the young girl who had given him the story of her past, her unhappy life.

Her father, he had noticed, was a man of education and refinement in the past, and, though but fifty years of age, his daughter had said, his hair and beard were white as snow.

He had, as a captive of the Sioux, taken from them later by the Pawnees, asked at once to become as an Indian member of the tribe, and this had been readily granted by the Pawnees, and he had risen to be a medicine chief in their tribe, for he was a physician, and had rendered them great service as such.

Why he had done so, had allied himself with the Indians as one of them, Buffalo Bill had understood even before the unfortunate captive had said to him:

"I turned redskin, Mr. Cody, to save my child."

"The Pawnees had done us no harm, but, rather, had taken us from the Sioux, who had killed my wife and other children, burned my home and run off my cattle, making me a beggar in one night."

"As a medicine chief, my daughter was respected among the Pawnees, and I only waited with the hope that some day we should be rescued."

"That day has come, and you alone are our rescuer."

"I go back to what God only knows; but, if I should fall in this fight with the Sioux, I beg you to care for my child."

An hour after the utterance of these words, the man was dead, slain by the side of his daughter by the Sioux in their attack on the party at bay on the hill.

Thus it was that Singing Bird, as the Pawnees

called the young girl, was left to the guardianship of Buffalo Bill, and, fearing that she might meet with her father's fate, he had urged that she remain under the shelter of the bank with the other captives.

But he had urged in vain, as, armed with her father's rifle, she took her place by the scout's side, with the grim determination to do her part in the fight for life, skillful sharpshooter that she was.

The sun was yet a couple of hours high when Buffalo Bill, who had been perched up in a tree, looking back over the trail through his glasses, gave a warning cry that indicated that the Sioux were coming.

They were yet miles away, and the scout noticed that, as before, there was an advance guard.

But this time it was larger than the one that before had ridden into the ambush in the gap.

There were fully a hundred now ahead, and they were keeping well up.

To the scout's idea this indicated that at least four times that force were following, and he only hoped that Surgeon Powell would bring soldiers enough to not only drive them back, but to give them a very severe whipping.

"They must be over an hour ahead of their main force, and the latter will hardly be up before sunset, so, as they will not attack at night, we will have till dawn to look for help and prepare to fight them," said Buffalo Bill, as he took his position in the line.

But his words were heard by Singing Bird, who replied:

"If we can punish them severely here, they will be very cautious about advancing then, unless they can hasten on their whole band and charge us before night, for, as you say, the Sioux will not fight at night."

Buffalo Bill gazed at the girl admiringly.

She was tall, slender and graceful.

Her costume was a buckskin skirt, fringed leggings, a tight-fitting waist and feather headdress, and she had shown much taste in making an attire that was very becoming.

Darkly bronzed though she was, and with blond hair worn in long braids, she would never have been mistaken for an Indian maiden, in spite of her attire.

Her eyes were a deep blue, large and very expressive, her teeth even and white, and her features perfect.

"You do not seem to have any fear, Singing Bird," said the scout, calling her by her Indian name.

"No, I have nothing to live for, and the grave, my father always told me, was perfect rest."

"But here come the Sioux," and her voice never changed its tone.

"Yes, and they come on with no dread of an ambush here, for the trail leading on deceives them."

Then, in the Pawnee tongue, he told his braves, the two white men and Singing Bird to wait until his first shot as a signal for them to fire, and added:

"I shall pick off the chief on the yellow pony."

The Pawnee braves were growing uneasy under the delay of the scout in firing, for the Sioux were not a hundred yards away.

But Buffalo Bill seemed in no hurry.

He deemed it best to have them near enough for the arrows to do good execution, rather than fire at a distance beyond their range.

Nearer and nearer came the Sioux, until the Pawnees became terribly excited at their coming so close, and then there rang out a single shot.

It was the scout's signal, and the chief on the yellow pony fell, while a second shot brought down another chief at his side.

That second shot was fired by Singing Bird, and a shower of Pawnee arrows followed it, while the rapid rattle of Buffalo Bill's Winchester told that the fight for life was on.

The Sioux were pushing along at as rapid a pace as their tired ponies could carry them.

They were riding well up together, though lolling in their saddles as though tired out themselves.

As soon as they had come in sight of the little clump of timber, their keen vision had detected the well-marked trail leading beyond it, as though the fugitives had made but a short halt there.

As they had not before visited the timber, they did not realize the splendid advantage it presented for a place of shelter and an ambush.

They thought that they could see through it, and that foes lurked there, wary as they were, never entered their minds.

Afar off on the plain they detected the smoke of campfires, and it was just where the fugitives should be, and, with the level plain before them for many a long mile, they rejoiced that they would catch their foes without shelter.

The body of Sioux recoiled as though they had run

upon a line of bayonets when the scout's shot killed their chief, the second shot from Singing Bird brought down their next leader, and then followed the shower of arrows, the ringing of the Winchester, not fired at random, but to kill, and the rattle of the revolvers of the scout in the hands of the two white men captives.

Down went warriors and ponies, and, stunned, hurt, bleeding and demoralized, the Sioux reeled back rapidly, until they ended in a perfect stampede to save life.

Back to the shelter of the hill they had just left they retreated, while, wild with joy, the Pawnees rushed from their retreat and began to strike down the wounded and tear the red and bleeding scalps from the heads of their foes.

"The Pawnees have taken more Sioux scalps under your lead, white chief, than has fallen to their lot for many a day," said Singing Bird, as she stood by the scout gazing upon the scene with a look of satisfaction, rather than pity or regret.

"You do not appear shocked at the scene," said the scout, rather coldly.

"Why should I, for did I not tell you that I was half-Indian in my nature now? Did I not tell you that it was Sioux who killed my mother, sisters and brothers, and only yesterday it was my father who fell by their hands?

"No, I have no mercy for them, no pity, and the scalp of the chief I killed I shall wear at my belt, for the young Slayer told me that he would bring it to me."

As the Singing Bird spoke, Sioux Killer, the young leader of the Pawnees, advanced with several scalps, one of which, with a war bonnet, he handed to the young girl, who, as she had said, fastened it to her belt, with the remark:

"See, white chief?"

"I cannot blame you, poor girl," said Buffalo Bill, sadly, and he added, in an undertone:

"She is, indeed, half-Indian by nature, and one cannot wonder at it."

Then he turned to arrange his plans for the attack of the Sioux, which he knew would not be delayed, if they arrived before night fell in force, or, if after darkness had set in, by the dawn of the following day.

The Pawnees were placed under their young chief, so as to do the most effective work with their bows and arrows, the two men with the scout's revolvers

were given advantageous positions, and with them he put Singing Bird with her rifle, while he determined to move from point to point with his Winchester.

To go on, with the ponies broken down, almost, and delayed by the helpless captives and wounded, Buffalo Bill knew would be to have the Sioux overtake them at night upon the open plain, where there was no shelter, as where they then were.

Supper was prepared, and all partook of it, and then, as the sun touched the horizon, Buffalo Bill saw the Sioux file out of the hills.

They came slowly, and in two columns, three abreast. Each column branched off as they left the hills, one to the right, the other to the left, and this meant that they intended to surround the timber, to completely hem in their foes.

They seemed in no hurry, and were evidently boiling with rage at the defeats they had met with, but were patient enough to take a night's rest, and plan to overwhelm their foes in the morning.

As Buffalo Bill saw these two columns file out on the plain, growing larger and larger, he began to count them until at last he muttered to himself:

"There are many more than I thought—nearly a thousand in number.

"We are all to die by the hands of the Sioux," coolly said Singing Bird, who had heard him.

"Our only hope now is in the fighting surgeon," was the scout's reply.

## CHAPTER IX.

### TO SAVE BUFFALO BILL.

It was Surgeon Frank Powell who set the pace for the first party sent to rescue Cody and the captives.

Colonel Markham had decided to send Captain Emory and two troops, also the band of Buffalo Bill's scouts, and have three extra troops and four guns follow after as quickly as they could be gotten ready.

So it happened that four cavalry companies and a battery of four six-pounders, three hundred and fifty men in all, were dispatched to the rescue, Captain Emory leaving an hour after Surgeon Powell's arrival, and the second force, under Major Melton, following in a little over an hour behind him, though they did not travel at as rapid a pace.

It was just nightfall when Surgeon Powell, who

was in the lead, and who showed no signs of fatigue, came upon the smoldering fires on the plains built by Buffalo Bill as a blind.

Taking a dark lantern, Surgeon Powell examined the ground carefully, and at last said:

"Captain Emory, they came this far, and then retreated by the same trail."

"What does that mean, Powell?"

"With Buffalo Bill as the leader, it means to me, Emory, that he saw he was being pressed too hotly to escape, and with an open plain before him, he retreated to shelter he had passed some distance back, doubtless a clump of timber on a stream some miles from here that I recall now."

"I see no campfires."

"Very true, and will see none. Just rest your men here while Buttons and I go on to reconnoiter, and send a courier back to hurry Major Melton on, for, in my opinion, we will need him by daylight."

The courier was at once sent back on the trail, and then Surgeon Powell and Buttons started ahead on foot.

It was a couple of hours before they returned, and Captain Emory was asleep on his blanket, his saddle for a pillow, when he was aroused by a touch on the shoulder.

"Ho, Doctor, back again?"

"Yes."

"What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Any news?"

"Have you had any word from Melton?"

"None whatever."

"Send another courier after him, and tell him to push on if he kills his horses, but halt him half-a-mile from here."

"You have found the Indians, then?"

"Yes, Cody is corralled by them in the timber I spoke of, and is at bay, awaiting their attack at dawn."

"And we are here to beat them off."

"Thank God for it, as they are a thousand strong, perhaps more, and my advice, Emory, is for you to send word to Melton to dispatch one of his couriers back to the fort for more men, and to have Colonel Markham in readiness, for it looks to me as though the Sioux were on raid, and in large force."

"You are the doctor, Powell, and I follow your prescription, for you know," and Captain Emory

hastily dispatched a courier with a note to Major Melton, written by aid of the surgeon scout's lantern.

The courier gone, Captain Emory asked:

"Now, Powell, what discovery did you make?"

"The Indians are camped in a circle around the timber where Cody is corralled."

"Buttons and I counted the ponies in the line we went to, and at different points we struck, and found enough to show that if the circle was complete, they numbered all of a thousand warriors; but, whatever their force, they will not attack at night."

"And you saw no redskins?"

"I ran upon one, but he is not dangerous now," was the significant reply.

"You killed him?"

"Yes, he was asleep, one of the guards over the ponies, and I fell over him, so had to knife him."

"They seemed to have no fear from this direction, and were sure of their prey, and were resting until time to move at dawn."

"I am glad we have a large force, and trust Melton will soon be up."

"Yes, for we can place the men and guns, and be ready to attack them before they strike Cody, for their force could never be checked by the few he has."

"We can open on them with the guns as a starter, and then charge with three troops, keeping the other two as a reserve and support to the battery."

"We must be careful not to fire toward Cody's camp with the guns."

"No; and when Melton's men come up, I will show them the exact position of Cody's camp and the Sioux lines, so that there will be no mistake made."

"If the major arrives by midnight, it will give men and horses several hours' rest, and they will need it, for this has been a long, hard rush from the fort."

"Yes, but no one will care, if Cody is rescued, brave fellow that he is," was Captain Emory's reply, and, as he turned, a courier rode up to report Major Melton coming rapidly on, and only a few miles back on the trail.

Major Melton followed his courier very quickly, coming on ahead of his command, and accompanied by his adjutant and an aid.

He was greeted by Captain Emory and Surgeon Powell, the latter placing the situation before him, and suggesting that word be sent back at once to order a slow march for the battery, so that no sound

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of its coming would catch the keen ears of the Indians.

Made acquainted with the situation, Major Melton said:

"It is a splendid thing, Powell, to be both a scout and an officer, and I wish you to serve me as adviser until the sterner duty of looking after the wounded arises, though I have one of your assistant surgeons along, for Colonel Markham said that it was best that he should come as long as Buffalo Bill was to be rescued and you were in the lead."

"I am at your service, major, with pleasure, but have you decided upon your plan of action?"

"Oh, yes, to carry out your ideas wholly, take position with the battery and three troops in reserve, and have Captain Emory lead his charge with his two troops after the firing of the guns."

The command was soon up with the advance, and the tired horses were unsaddled for a rest, and the soldiers, also worn out, were glad to get a rest for several hours, well knowing what the coming day would bring to them.

The story had gone the rounds that Buffalo Bill and his party, wherever they were, had been corralled by a large force of Indians, who were waiting for daylight to attack him, and that they were to anticipate the attack in a short while.

Defying fatigue, Surgeon Powell went on another scout. Buffalo Bill's scouts had been turned over to his especial command by Major Melton, so they left their horses behind them and went to have a look at the field and learn the position of the Indians and the timber where Buffalo Bill was at bay, fully realizing that all their lives depended upon his gallant friend, who had made the ride to the fort for aid.

Yet Buffalo Bill could hardly hope that the fighting surgeon had made such a splendid ride of it, or that the troops coming to the rescue had pressed on as they had done.

When Surgeon Powell and his scouts discovered that the Indians were resting with no dread of any foes, other than those they intended to overwhelm at dawn, they returned to the command and found the officers all assembled at Captain Emory's camp, talking over the situation.

Hearing the surgeon's report, the major ordered the scouts to go the rounds and waken the men, so that they could saddle their horses and be ready to move, as in another hour it would be dawn.

Blankets had been wrapped around the wheels of the cannon and caissons, the guns and swords of the men had been carried in hand, so as to give no clanking sound, and the trace chains had been muffled.

Then the command moved slowly toward the attacking point, Surgeon Powell acting as guide.

When as near the Indian lines as they dared go, a

halt was ordered, and the surgeon, who had gone ahead on foot, returned and reported:

"They are on the move, major.

"You see the dark spot against the horizon that shows the timber, so have the guns trained to the right and left of it several hundred yards, and if you do not hit the redskins, you will at least stampede their horses."

"All right, Powell. Tell Emory I shall fire within five minutes," and Surgeon Powell walked away to join Captain Emory and deliver the message.

It was just five minutes after that Surgeon Powell was seated on his horse, at the head of the two dozen scouts who had accompanied the command from the fort, while upon one side was Captain Emory and his troop, and the other Lieutenant Armstrong and his company, all waiting for the firing of the cannon as the signal to charge.

The four guns had been trained as Powell had suggested, two upon one side of the timber, two upon the other.

### CHAPTER X.

#### ON TIME.

It was with considerable foreboding that Buffalo Bill saw the two columns of warriors filing out of the hills on either side to surround him in his position, and a thought came to him which caused him to suddenly ask Sioux Killer, the young chief, if he had a brave in his band who spoke the Sioux tongue well.

The answer was that one of the young braves, Scalp Taker, had been captured by the Sioux when a youth, and had spent three years in their village.

Then he had made his escape while out on a hunt with four young Sioux, and he had taken the scalps of the four and brought them with him to his own people, thus winning his name.

"He is the brave I wish, and I'll tell you what he must do.

"When the Sioux surround our camp to-night, he must slip out in some way, capture one of their best ponies, and ride hard for the Pawnee village.

"He must tell them there that the great chief, Sioux Killer, is in a tight place, and is expecting soldiers from the fort to rescue him and us.

"If they come, the Sioux will retreat by the Hermit's Cañon, so that if the Pawnees will rush a band of several hundred braves there they will be in time to ambush the retreating Sioux, and when we are rescued, I will lead Sioux Killer and his reds by a secret pass through the range and join the band that is sent.

"Does the Sioux Killer hear?"

It was evident that the Killer not only heard, but was delighted at the plan of the scout, and he at once called up Scalp Taker, and he was asked if he could get through the Sioux lines.

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Scalp Taker was more than pleased at a chance to distinguish himself, and, having made a few changes in his appearance, when it was perfectly dark, he slipped out of the timber and disappeared.

Buffalo Bill felt relieved when he had dispatched the courier to the village of Sioux Killer, for he was anxious that the Pawnees should have a hand in the defeat of the Sioux, for he confidently looked for relief from the fort, and that their foes would be forced to retreat.

Too anxious to sleep himself, he bade the others sleep while he watched, and, hearing no shout of triumph indicating the capture of Scalp Taker, he felt that the young brave had gotten through the lines in safety.

If he found a good horse, he ought to reach the Pawnee village before midnight, and a cross trail from there would enable the braves sent by them to help to be in position by sunset at Hermit's Pass, did they push their horses hard, and the Sioux, in retreating, would hardly reach there until several hours later, while he did not doubt that they would there make a stand to drive back the pursuing soldiers.

It would, therefore, be a surprise to them to find Pawnees already ambushed there, and, caught between two fires, their losses would be heavy.

At last the scout knew that dawn was not far off, and he went the rounds, waking the braves and captives for the work of beating off the attack.

He found Singing Bird awake, and she coolly said that she was ready for the fight whenever the Sioux charged them.

Buffalo Bill had not heard a sound to indicate that the soldiers had arrived, and the stamping of the Indian ponies and an occasional neigh had alone reached his ears.

At last he saw the gray light of dawn appearing, and said, sternly:

"We may expect them now, so stand ready to fight and die."

His well-trained eyes had seen the dark mass of Indians closing in on the timber on foot, while following them were their ponies led by the braves who had them in charge.

But hardly had the words left the scout's lips when there was seen, far out upon the plains, the quick flash of the guns.

There were four red bursts of flame, deafening reports, the shrieking of the shells, and then the bursting of them right in the Indians' ranks.

The echoes of the guns had not died away when loud cheers were heard, a bugle sounded a charge, and then came the thunder of iron hoofs in the wild rush as the gallant troopers bore down upon the Indians, revolver in one hand, sabre in the other.

The Sioux were completely surprised, and they stood in panic-stricken horror for some moments,

hardly realizing that their intending charge upon a few foes had been all changed in an instant.

With the breaking of day the gunners could see how to aim, and shells were thrown thick and fast among the Sioux braves and ponies, who fell dead and wounded under the hot fire, while Captain Emory and his men and Surgeon Powell and the scouts swept upon them with merciless fury.

Then, too, from the timber came a hot fire from Buffalo Bill and the Pawnees, and so cut up and confused were the Sioux that only their large numbers saved them from a complete stampede.

As it was, their head chief rallied them for a fighting retreat, back to the range from which they had come, and, as they rode off, they beheld the rescue of the party in the timber, all of whom they had regarded as surely prey.

In the surging of the hundreds of Sioux, mounted and afoot, the stampeding of many of their ponies, the firing from the timber, the roaring of the guns and the bursting of the shells, added to the charging of the troopers and scouts, and the wild yells of all, it seemed as though hell reigned supreme for half-an-hour.

Then, when day dawned, it revealed a field strewn with dead and dying braves, while here and there a soldier and military-caparisoned horse dotted the scene.

The Sioux were retreating sullenly to the protection of the hills, while the troopers and scouts were pressing them hard.

Passing near the timber, Surgeon Powell and the scouts made no halt, but they were surprised not to see Buffalo Bill dash out and join them.

Later Major Melton came up with the gunners and reserve troopers, determined to camp upon the stream, near the timber. He at once rode into the besieged camp and called out:

"Ho, Cody, where are you?"

He beheld several women and children, a dead white man, but no scout appeared at his summons.

"Pardon me, but where is Scout Cody?" he asked, looking around him.

It was Singing Bird who stepped forward and replied:

"He dashed out with the Pawnee band when the last of the Sioux passed, and is in pursuit of them, sir, and he asked me to say to the commanding officer that he had sent word to the Pawnees to send several hundred of braves to Hermit's Pass, and to press the retreat hard and he would be there to head them off and deal a severe blow that would send all the bands now on the warpath back to defend their villages."

The words were delivered in a decided, distinct tone, and Major Melton gazed upon the girl with admiration, while he asked:

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"Are you one of the captives rescued from the Pawnee village?"

"I am, sir; I am Singing Bird."

"Well, Miss Singing Bird, how is it that Cody has rescued you and others from the Pawnee village, and yet has Pawnee braves as allies?"

"That, sir, Chief Cody will explain, for he did not request me to do so."

"And he expects to go to Hermit's Pass to join the Pawnees and ambush the retreating Sioux?"

"So he said, sir."

"How many Pawnees were with him?"

"Sioux Killer himself and many of his braves, but hundreds will meet them at the pass."

"And I must push the Sioux that far?"

"So he said, sir."

"And there are other bands than these on the warpath?"

"Chief Cody so said, sir."

"And the Pawnees have suddenly become his friends?"

"They have, sir—good friends."

"This is remarkable; but Cody knows what he is about, and I will push the Sioux as hard as I can, leaving a small force here with you rescued people, and to let the reinforcements that will come know where we have gone, and why."

"I will see you later, miss," and, raising his hat, Major Melton rode on and ordered the commander of the battery to shell the hills, hotly advancing as they did so, that the Indians would not halt there to fight them.

This was done, and the cavalry, pressing on hotly; large force though the Sioux had, they did not dare halt and fight their pursuers.

Finding that the soldiers seemed determined to press the pursuit hard, the Sioux chief suddenly decided to lead them into a trap, and urge them to follow as far as Hermit's Pass, the very spot for a splendid ambush that was to wipe out the whole of the band of palefaces who were upon their trail.

There were other bands of Sioux out upon the warpath, and to these couriers were sent by the cunning chief, ordering them to fall in behind the soldiers, so as to cut them off when they should retreat, after being led into the ambush known as Hermit's Pass.

The Sioux then kept sullenly on in their flight, enraged that they could not have brought off their killed and wounded and had thus far not a scalp to show, and only defeat to meditate on.

As Surgeon Powell pressed on in the gloom of early morning, he came to where a trail led off from the main one, after reaching the hills.

It was a small trail, comparatively, of not more than twenty ponies, and among them was a large ironshod track that caused the fighting surgeon to exclaim:

"Cody's horse made that track, a hundred to one on it; but does it mean that the retreating Sioux dashed through the timber and captured Cody and his party after all?"

This question, which the scouts could not answer, at once cast a gloom over all.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### IN THE NET.

When the Sioux had reached the hills, full of rage and hatred, they decided to make a determined stand against the soldiers, who, out upon the plain, they could distinctly see, were but one-third their number.

But recalling the pursuit, Captain Emory's men and the scouts under Surgeon Powell, Major Melton at once planted his guns and began to shell the range.

For a while the Indians stood it, but, as the range was gotten and the shells began to burst in their midst, and their ponies were frantic with fright, the redskins began a hasty retreat, and as they moved out the scouts and Captain Emory's men pushed rapidly into the hills and opened fire with their rifles and carbines.

Establishing a camp in the timber with one gun and a crippled caisson, and a score of able-bodied soldiers to look after the wounded and white captives, Major Melton pushed on in chase of the Sioux.

When they saw that they were being hotly pressed they began their cunning work to get revenge, and laid their plans to entrap and destroy the soldiers.

The Sioux had sent couriers to other bands on the warpath, with orders to center at the Hermit's Pass, and to approach it so as to leave no trail that the soldiers would fall upon.

With a large force there, those retreating before the soldiers intended to lead them right on into the pass and to their doom.

When night came on, the Sioux were still sullenly retreating before Major Melton, who, when they would halt in a position as though to make a stand, would begin to shell them, and quickly would they be driven on once more.

The couriers sent to the other bands found them readily, and word came back to the head Sioux chief that other braves equaling his own in number would be at the Hermit's Pass in time to aid in the destruction of the hated palefaces.

But Major Melton advanced slowly, and couriers overtaking him brought word that three hundred mounted infantry and two more guns with ample supplies were coming quickly on his trail to his support from the fort.

Sending back word to halt one company of infantry and the supply train at the timber as a reserve, and push on with the balance of the force after him,

Major Melton felt that he was strong enough to cope with all the Indians he might have to fight, especially if Buffalo Bill kept his word to meet him at the Hermit's Pass with a band of Pawnees, though just how the chief of scouts was going to get control of a band of warriors who were a short time before his deadly foes, was a mystery not one of the officers in the command could fathom.

It was the afternoon of the next day after the fight in the timber that the Sioux were in easy reach of Hermit's Pass, and Major Melton not a mile behind them.

The range ran boldly before them, and the cañon that cut it in twain, known as the Hermit's Pass, could be distinctly seen by the soldiers.

All looked serene on the range, and the retreating Sioux began to feel happy over the thought that they would soon lead their foes to death, for they had not a doubt but that their comrades, the several bands ordered to assemble there and go into ambush, were on hand and awaiting them.

"Are Cody and his Pawnees there?" was the question asked by the officers and men.

Surgeon Powell was anxious, yet his face did not reveal that fact.

They had come to rescue the scout, Cody, and though they had saved the party from destruction, Buffalo Bill, for reasons known only to himself, had chosen to escape rescue, and had gone off with a small band of redskins to place himself in the power of still other Pawnees.

The secret of Buffalo Bill's alliance with the Pawnees, Surgeon Powell could neither fathom nor understand; but he would patiently await the result.

Nearer and nearer drew the Sioux to the pass, and the soldiers kept close on their trail.

But, suddenly, while the redskins were yet a mile away from the range, there was heard a loud volley of rifles up in the pass, followed by the wild war cries of the Pawnees, and answered by the cries of the Sioux, evidently taken by surprise.

What did it mean?

What could it mean?

The retreating Sioux had come to a halt on the trail, for they were evidently surprised and astonished at what they heard.

Into their midst a few shells were thrown at that moment, which set them in motion again toward the pass from whence came now wilder yells and the rattle of rifles, showing that a battle was being fought there.

"What does it mean?" asked Major Melton, in surprise.

"It means, sir, that Cody and his Pawnees are there attacking the Sioux placed there to ambush us; and, see! yonder come reinforcements for you, Major Melton, so right here must be fought a battle

that the Sioux will never forget—the battle of Hermit's Pass!"

Surgeon Powell pointed back over the trail to where, several miles away, were coming into view the mounted infantry and the two more guns hastening to join in the fight.

The Sioux, in spite of their numbers, hesitated as to what to do.

They were in a trap, where they had intended to entrap their foes.

Their mortal enemies, the Pawnees, as they knew by their war cries, were at the pass, and to attack their bands must be in large force.

On their trail came a very dangerous foe—the palefaces with their "wheel guns"—and could they have turned upon them and beaten down their horsemen, not far off they beheld a force equally as large, coming on, and their vision revealed that they, too, carried "wheel guns."

In their despair they were almost ready to stampede, but their chief had a cool head, and he quickly ordered them on.

The intention of the chief was to rush on to the pass, aid their bands there in overwhelming the Pawnees, and, when united, to turn and stand at bay to beat back the palefaces.

The stand must be made there at the pass, for, once the soldiers broke through it and stampeded them, the trail to their village was not such a long one, and there might be more soldiers following those they saw.

When they had left their village in a dozen strong bands, with the double intention of surprising the Pawnees and the fort, they had suddenly found the soldiers in the field against them, and now they appeared to have their old enemies, the Pawnees, as their allies against them.

Still more had the retreating Sioux to regret, and that was the fact of their being cut off from their village, for, unless they could get through the pass, they would have to retreat along the base of the range for many miles before another opening could be found to go through, and should the soldiers make a dash direct to their stronghold, they could reach it ahead of them and find the few warriors there to offer no defense.

So the Sioux made a desperate dash for the pass, to rush through and over the Pawnees, and their intention was at once seen by Surgeon Powell and explained to Major Melton, who sent a courier back to hasten on the reinforcements, and ordered the artillery to fire hotly into the Sioux ranks as soon as they could dash on to a position ahead.

As the shells began to burst in their midst, the Sioux were almost driven to desperation, but still rode on toward the fight raging in the pass.

But, ere they reached it, the wild yells of the triumphant Pawnees rose above the roar of the guns.

and then came pouring out from the base of the mountain half-a-thousand horsemen, and many warriors on foot, driven into a hasty flight by the Pawnees, who victoriously held the Hermit's Pass.

"See, major, Cody and his Pawnees have won, for that is paleface generalship, not redskin tactics, that has planned that blow and victory."

"Now, press on, and you can drive the Sioux to doom!" cried Surgeon Powell, and, gaining permission from Major Melton, he moved on with the scout company, followed by Captain Emory and his two troops, while the rest of the command deployed to hem the Sioux in by a crescent of fire, which would be strengthened by the reinforcements then hastening on.

"If Cody and his Pawnees—if it is Cody—can only hold the pass, we can, as Powell says, drive the Sioux now to their doom," said Major Melton to the officers about him.

"Cody is there, sir," excitedly cried a young officer, who had been long gazing intently through a field-glass at the pass.

"Do you see him?" asked half-a-dozen, in chorus.

"Yes, I saw him ride out of the pass, and there are hundreds of Pawnee horsemen about him.

"Cody is mounted on a white horse, and is placing his braves to resist the Sioux, while others are pressing those who have just been driven out of the pass."

Every eye was now at a fieldglass and turned upon the struggling red horsemen at the pass.

Then came at once cry after cry:

"I see him!"

"Yes, it is Cody!"

"Buffalo Bill is there!"

"Bravo for Buffalo Bill!"

"Now the Sioux are doomed!" and as the news spread down the line, the cry was taken up all along:

"Buffalo Bill holds the pass!"

Then cheer after cheer went up from the soldiers, and back to the major came a courier to report:

"Surgeon Powell says that Buffalo Bill holds the pass, sir, with a large band of Pawnees, so that you can drive the Sioux hard upon him."

"And we will!" said the major, sternly, and the troopers were ordered to charge, the other two guns, having come up, unlimbered, and went into action, while the mounted infantry formed in line for a steady advance in crescent shape, upon the range.

Encouraged by the coming of their comrades, the Sioux, driven from the pass, turned about, and the whole mass with wild yells, and firing rifles and arrows, made a desperate rush to break through the pass.

But they were met there by a force of Pawnees under their white leader, whom they could not drive from their posts.

It is true they hurled them back into the narrow pass, but Surgeon Powell called out:

"See! it was a ruse, Cody's trap, for there they come back again."

It was true, the Sioux had recoiled from some unlooked-for danger they came upon in the pass, and, wheeling to the right, in solid force, they began a retreat along the base of the mountain, leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE HERO.

As the Sioux started in rapid retreat there filed out of the pass half-a-thousand Pawnee braves, well mounted and armed, and they began to press their flying foes hard, while Buffalo Bill, mounted upon a splendid white horse, his snowy hide stained with several slight arrow wounds, rode at a gallop to the spot where Major Melton had halted and was establishing a temporary camp.

"Ah, Cody, I welcome you gladly, for you are the hero of the pass, the man who won the fight!" cried the major, warmly grasping the hand of the scout, who modestly replied:

"Thanks, major, but I had about five hundred fighting Pawnee braves to help me hold the Sioux in check, while you gave them a terrible whipping—why, one shell killed five of them, and their loss is great in warriors and ponies, and they'll never forget this lesson."

"But have you turned Pawnee, Cody, for you are fighting with redskins now, making it a case of dog eat dog?"

Buffalo Bill laughed and replied:

"No, major, I have not turned redskin, but I am glad to say, by a lucky tenstrike of mine, I got the Pawnees as our allies."

"The story is too long to tell now, but the Pawnees are our red brothers, and as your men must be dead beat from their hard work, and the horses, too, may I suggest that you recall them, as the Pawnees will push the Sioux until they cross the range?"

"I'll do it, for my men and horses are used up, but who would not be willing to gain such a victory?"

The order was given to recall the pursuit, and then Major Melton asked:

"But how did you hold that pass, Cody?"

"I sent to the Pawnee village, sir, as I felt confident that the Sioux would retreat by this pass, and asked for a couple of hundred braves for Chief Sioux Killer, who was with me, escorting a party of white men, whom we had set free from the Indians, to the fort.

"They sent me five hundred braves, and it was well that they did, for the Sioux had other bands there: but we were first on the field, and came by the trail on the summit of the ridge, for I met the Pawnees twenty miles from here."

"We lay in ambush, sending our horses around by the slope, and so were hidden on the ridge, while the Sioux bands, coming up, went into ambush in the pass.

"When I saw you coming and driving the Sioux before you, I decided to attack those in the pass before they were joined by their comrades, and the first they knew of our being upon the ridge, was a shower of rocks, arrows and bullets.

"Of course, we stampeded them, and driving them out of the ridge, we brought our horses up and kept up the fight, falling back when they made their grand charge.

"But I had left plenty of Pawnees on the cliffs with rock ammunition in abundance, and, retreating before them, we led them into the trap, and they did not face the music long before they fled, and again we charged them.

"With you hemming them in, sir, you won the battle very quickly."

"You are the hero, Cody, as I said, and such shall be my report; but what redskins are those approaching now?"

"Those are my red ropers, sir, the band of the chief, Sioux Killer.

"They throw a lariat as well as a Texas cowboy, ride like Comanches, and the band are fifty strong, less than I lost to-day, and they go back to the fort with me to enter the service of the government, if it will accept them; as Pawnee scouts, and with them and my own scouts, Colonel Markham need have no more dread of the Sioux surprising the fort and settlements."

"And will they now ally themselves with the hated palefaces?

"What have you been guilty of to win them over, Cody?"

The love of the Sioux scalps has done it, sir, for, see, they are well supplied," and as the Pawnee horsemen halted near the camp, Buffalo Bill pointed to the gory trophies that hung to their belts.

"I must hear the story of it all some time, Cody, but now present your *aide-de-camp*, Chief Sioux Killer, I believe you call him," and Buffalo Bill called to the young chief to approach.

He did so with quiet dignity, and Buffalo Bill said: "I wish my Pawnee brother, Chief Sioux Killer, to know the white chief of the paleface warriors, for he is his friend."

"Yes, my gallant Pawnee captain, I am glad to know you, for you have done great service to-day, and from the looks of your string of scalps, you doubtless deserve your name of Killer," and the major offered his hand, at the same time taking his revolver from his belt and giving it to the young chief, to whom Buffalo Bill interpreted his words.

Sioux Killer was delighted with the praise and also with the name given him by the major, and told the

scout to say that he would take it and be known as Pawnee Captain, as well as by the name of Sioux Killer.

He also thanked the major for the revolver, and his warriors were called up and each one grasped the hand of the white chief, other officers pressing forward and greeting them, and bestowing presents upon them—an act that was particularly appreciated by the red ropers.

Meanwhile, the wornout soldiers and horses were glad to go into camp for a rest; but the duty they had come upon had been more than accomplished, for Buffalo Bill and those with him had been rescued, and the Sioux had met with a crushing defeat, so the officers and men were jubilant.

There was cause for gloom, however, as two of the officers who so bravely came forth to battle with the red men, and a score of the men had been killed, with quite a number more wounded.

But the Sioux had lost most heavily, and a couple of hundred good ponies had been taken from them.

When all the reports had come in, Major Melton heard with regret that Private Frank Fenton had certainly been captured, as he was not found among the dead or wounded and was nowhere to be seen.

His immediate comrades remembered that he had said that he would capture a certain splendid horse ridden by a chief, and get the war bonnet of the Sioux as well, and he had dashed off alone, and since then had not been seen.

Two other soldiers, late enlistments in the army, were also missing, and could not be found among the dead or wounded.

They had been last seen with Frank Fenton, and were set down as also having been captured, though in their case there was not so much regret expressed as for Frank Fenton, as neither of them were very good soldiers, and were unpopular with their comrades.

When Buffalo Bill heard of the supposed capture of the missing men, he was greatly worried over the fate of Frank Fenton, a youth to whom he had taken a great fancy.

Fenton had enlisted a year before, and from the first was found to be a perfect soldier.

He could drill a troop as well as a captain, and explained this by saying that he had been at a military academy before he came West and went to cattle-raising.

The Indians had raided his ranch, and, losing all that he possessed, he enlisted in the army.

On a score of different occasions he had greatly distinguished himself, and yet had declined the offer of a corporal's stripes, and, later, of a sergeant's.

In this last expedition he had saved the life of an officer, then the lives of several men at the risk of his own, and in a gallant dash had killed a chief and two warriors in a hand-to-hand conflict, striking two

of them down with his saber, and shooting the other with his revolver, winning a cheer from the whole troop and compliments from Oscar Emory, his captain.

That he had been well educated all who came in contact with him knew, and a tall, splendidly-formed man, with a handsome, striking face, he was a beau-ideal soldier, so that universal regret was felt at his unknown fate. Buffalo Bill said, after hearing he was missing:

"I would like to take my scouts and the Pawnees, Major Melton, and see if I can capture some Sioux."

"No, Cody; you have caused anxiety enough of late, without allowing you to escape again, and I am determined that Colonel Markham shall see that we caught you, rescued you or ran you down, whatever was the way of our getting you, and so I shall send you with an open letter to the fort reporting the battle, and allowing you to give full particulars of the affair."

Buffalo Bill's face flushed at this, for he knew that he had been selected as the one to carry the news to the fort as a mark of distinguished honor, especially as he was to tell the story himself.

So he raised his broad sombrero, and said, with feeling:

"I thank you, Major Melton, for the honor you bestow upon me, sir; but I could pick out many officers and men who deserve the honor, surely."

"I shall not deny that, Cody, in the face of what I saw, but I have decided that you shall go, so if you are not too much fatigued, you can start within the hour, and I shall have the letter ready for you!"

"May I take Sioux Killer and his red ropers with me, sir, as I wish the colonel to meet them and know that they are our allies?"

"Take them with you, Cody, by all means; only be sure and show yourself in approaching the fort, so as not to get a shell sent into your midst, for all are on the alert there now for the redskins."

Buffalo Bill laughed, and replied that he would be careful to show himself or a flag of truce, and the major asked:

"Now, about the remaining Pawnees when they return from their scalp-chase?"

"Surgeon Powell will meet them, and he speaks Pawnee well, and it would be well if they returned with you to the fort, for it would have a good effect, and camping there a few days would show them that we are their friends, not their foes, when we bury the tomahawk."

"You are right, Cody; so bequeath your red allies to Powell in your absence," answered the major.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### SINGING BIRD'S LETTER.

Buffalo Bill started on his ride to the fort, accompanied by Chief Sioux Killer and his braves, all seemingly much pleased at being able to escort the great scout to the stronghold of the paleface warriors, and which they had so often longed to enter, scalping-knife in hand.

Buffalo Bill rode his splendid white horse, a present to him from Sioux Killer, for the animal was but slightly wounded, and he set off after an early supper, intending to go some distance before camping, and by an early start, reach the timber where the reserve was camped by breakfast the next morning.

It was late at night when he encamped, and, with but one brave on guard, he and the others were soon fast asleep.

But they were up before dawn, and they rode into the timber just about breakfast time.

The officer in charge had seen them coming, and gotten ready to greet hostiles, but then the scout was seen in their midst.

"Well, Cody, what news from the front?" called out Captain Gray, the commanding officer, as Buffalo Bill rode up.

"A perfect victory, sir, for Major Melton, ending in a stampede for the Sioux, and very heavy losses for them, though we suffered also."

"I am just carrying the news to Colonel Markham, sir."

With those Pawnees accompanying you, I hardly knew whether you had captured the whole outfit, or were their prisoner, Cody."

"No, sir; they are my Pawnee scouts, and did splendid work in the fight; but I must ask your hospitality, Captain Gray, for breakfast for them, and supplies to go on our way to the fort."

"Certainly, they shall be filled to the muzzle, while you breakfast with me, and tell me the story of the fight, and I'll order the supplies gotten ready for you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Then, too, I have a letter here for you, Cody."

"A letter for me, sir—from the fort?"

"Oh, no; from a decidedly pretty girl—your captive who was known as Singing Bird."

"Why should she write to me, sir, and through you?"

"She has gone, you know."

"The girl has gone, sir?"

"She certainly has."

"But how and where, Captain Gray?"

"Night before last she took French leave, and left this note for you fastened upon the tree where she had spread her blanket."

"This is remarkable."

"Yes, and I could find no reason for her going,

and questioned every one about it; but she had slipped quietly away, taking her own horse, which they say was a fine one, her father's rifle, and some provisions sent in the camp for the captives.

"I will get the letter for you."

The captain went to his camping-place with Buffalo Bill, and from his case took a letter and handed it to Buffalo Bill, saying:

"It is official, you see."

"Yes, sir; she doubtless got the envelope from some one."

"Yes; from the adjutant, and she writes a beautiful hand."

The letter was addressed in a feminine hand to:

W. F. CODY—"BUFFALO BILL,"  
CHIEF OF SCOUTS.

It was marked "Personal," and upon it was written:

The finder will give to the commanding officer for delivery.

Buffalo Bill broke open the envelope and read as follows:

DEAR MR. CODY:—Do not consider it ingratitude in me, after rescuing my father and myself from captivity among the Pawnees, that I refuse to accept my freedom, gained at such great risk to you.

I told you that I was half Indian, so long have I been a captive, and now that my poor father lies in his grave I would have no one to care for me among the palefaces, my own race, for I know of no kindred or friends that I could call upon, and I will not be a burden to any one.

Though growing up among the wild Indians, my father did not neglect my education, and he taught me much of the great world, which I shun now, when it is in my power to enter it, returning to my life among the Pawnees as Singing Bird, the daughter of the white medicine chief, and where I will be respected, at least, and accept all that fate may have in store for me.

I dread to go among my own race, a penniless girl, friendless, and unused to the ways of those whom I would have to live with, and it is better for me to return to my wild life with those who love me, and whom I love.

So, forgive me, Mr. Cody; accept my sincere thanks for all that you have done for me, and let me live and die as an Indian, but your friend,

SINGING BIRD.

I have, for my own protection and use, taken the supplies sent to the captain's camp, your revolvers loaned to the two white men, and my father's rifle.

The horse and saddle, you know, are mine, and to avoid detention, I steal away like a thief in the night—or, perhaps, to put it more correctly, like an Indian.

Buffalo Bill read the letter aloud, and when he had concluded it, Captain Gray said:

"Well, what do you think of that, Cody?"

"I think, sir, that the girl is in love, and Chief Sioux Killer is the man."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### CONCLUSION.

At the fort there was a great feeling of uneasiness when the party under Major Melton started out upon the trail of rescue.

When the courier arrived from Major Melton, asking for reinforcements and reporting that the Sioux

were in large number in their front, Colonel Markham at once sent companies of infantry mounted and a couple of light guns, reducing his garrison to one-half its original number.

As no other word came from the front, there was considerable anxiety felt as to the fate of Buffalo Bill and those with him, as also for the troops sent to the front under Major Melton, for it was well known that the Sioux could place a very heavy force of warriors in the field, and they were cunning and desperate fighters, as well.

"A party of horsemen approaching the fort, sir," said an officer, entering the quarters of Colonel Markham the second day after the fight at Hermit's Pass.

"Do you make out who they are?"

"Not yet, sir; but word is to be sent at once when it is known who they are."

Word soon came that it was a party of mounted Indians approaching, and, as they were reported not over half-a-hundred in number, general surprise was felt.

But a call to posts was ordered, in case they were the advance guard of a much larger force, and were plotting a ruse in order to cover up an attack.

Then word came that there was a white man discovered in their midst, and in a short while a wild cheer was heard at the stockade, and a lieutenant came up at a double-quick to report that Buffalo Bill was coming, and those with him were Pawnees.

Arriving at headquarters, Buffalo Bill leaped from his saddle, an orderly took his horse, and, advancing quickly, the scout met Colonel Markham, who said earnestly:

"Welcome back, Cody, for we all considered you lost to us; but how is it you come with a redskin escort, and not your scouts?"

"They are Pawnees, colonel, and our allies now, for Sioux Killer and his people have buried the tomahawk with their white brothers."

"This is good news, indeed, Cody; but they have ridden so far I will send them to quarters, and have them well cared for, while you come in and let me hear all that you know of the news at the front."

Buffalo Bill spoke a few words to Chief Sioux Killer, who dismounted and advanced, followed by his warriors, and Colonel Markham greeted them in a most friendly manner, his words being interpreted by the scout, who also told the Indians that it was the wish of the white chief to have them go to quarters and be well cared for.

The Pawnees then remounted and filed away, led by a sergeant, while Buffalo Bill entered the private quarters of the colonel.

"I was honored, sir, by Major Melton requesting that I personally inform you of all that has taken place."

"Such a mission from Melton, Cody, means espe-

## THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES.

gial honor to you, for services rendered, and I congratulate you, indeed, and shall be glad to hear all that you have to say, which I hope is nothing of a disastrous nature to our brave boys in the field."

"On the contrary, sir, let me say that I have the best news to communicate of a grand victory, won by Major Melton, and also a story of importance to make known of an alliance I was able to make with Chief Sioux Killer, the great head of the Pawnees, which makes him and his people our friends."

"Bravo, Cody, for that is of immense value to us, but it is just what I expected of you, and of Surgeon Powell, too, for somehow you work together with wonderful cleverness and success."

"Poor Varney and Dillon, and the other brave fellows who fell with them, met the fate all soldiers must expect, and died with their harness on."

"I hope none of the wounded will die."

"Now, I am ready to hear your report of the affair, which, from what the major writes, must have been a most signal victory."

"It was, sir, as you will understand when I tell you that in rescuing my party at the timber, Major Melton had to face over a thousand warriors."

Then Buffalo Bill told his story of the fight, and the colonel said:

"You have given a very graphic account, Cody, but from it no one would ever suppose that you were in the battle."

The scout smiled at the way Colonel Markham had complimented him, and replied:

"Oh, yes; I was there at the battle, but not with the soldiers, you know."

"Where were you?"

"At the pass, sir."

"Alone?"

"Oh, no, sir; I had about five hundred Pawnee braves with me."

"In fact, commanded a small Indian army, yourself?"

"Yes, sir, and good fighters they were."

"I should judge so, to hold at bay two thousand Sioux, with soldiers driving them."

"You see, sir, I had the pass, the advantage of position."

"Yes, but how was it that you had the Pawnees, Cody?"

"Chief Sioux Killer loaned them to me, sir, and led them himself. We gave them a complete surprise, sir, and rolling rocks down upon them stampeded braves and ponies."

"We also held the pass when the whole force came on and charged us, and, caught between the Pawnees in ambush and the troops pursuing them hard, the Sioux became panic-stricken and fled along the mountain base."

"That, sir, is the story of the fight."

"Yes, and a graphic one, only you have not ex-

plained how it was, Cody, that you managed to get your army of Pawnees; for when I last saw you they were your bitter foes, a tribe one had every reason to fear, and yet they suddenly became your friends."

"It is a long story, colonel, dating back to my going upon the scouting trip which caused you to look me up."

"All right, Cody; your stories are always interesting, and I shall be glad to listen to all that you have to tell."

The scout then went on to tell of his going into the Indian country, and the duel he had been the sole witness of, between the two great chiefs, the Sioux Killer, the Pawnee, and the Deadly Hand, the Sioux.

"The cause of this meeting alone, with no warriors present," the scout went on to say, "Sioux Killer kept to himself; but each certainly expected to be the victor, and win great fame by taking the scalp, warbonnet and pony of the leader of the other tribe."

"Had I not been there, both would have been killed, sir; but I had a greater regard for the Pawnee than for the Sioux, and you may recall, sir, that, some time ago, I entered the Pawnee village to let them know that their foes were about to attack them, as I had seen the Sioux on their trail."

"I was held a prisoner to await the truth of my story, but preferred to escape to put Pawnee gratitude to the test, so did so, and since then they have not been such bitter foes of mine as before."

"Seeing my chance to again help them, I saved their chief, Sioux Killer, from death, dressed his wounds as well as I could, and took him to his village, being overtaken on the trail by a band of Sioux searching for their dead chief."

"To end my story, Sioux Killer became my firm friend, did all in his power for me, and in the pow-wow held made me a chief, at the same time agreeing to bury the tomahawk between the Pawnees and the white men."

"Why, Cody, you have accomplished wonders!"

"Thank you, colonel, but there is little more to tell, except that but for my brother in buckskin, Frank Powell, I should have been killed, and the Pawnees with me, as also the captives."

Such was the story of Buffalo Bill's rescue, and his peace with Sioux Killer, the Pawnee Chief, and all that he owed to the Surgeon Scout, while the fact that Singing Bird became the willing wife of the chief greatly pleased the Pawnees.

THE END.

Next week's issue (No. 51) will contain: "Buffalo Bill's Trail of the Man Tigers; or, The Doom of the Branded Hand," a story of a wild adventure with a set of outlaws, boys. The Man Tigers, as they were called, left a trail hard to follow, but the great scout was not to be baffled.



# THRILLING ADVENTURE

A hot finish, boys! The contest has closed with a rush of letters that nearly carried the editor off his feet. This contest has closed, but a new one will soon open.

Watch for next week's issue, boys, it will contain our new prize offer. We've got something new for you—our best offer yet. You know how good that must be.

A big surprise for you in next week's **BUFFALO BILL!**  
Here are a few good ones.

### An Encounter with a Bear.

(By Russel Dyer, R. I.)

I was spending the summer in New Hampshire about two years ago. While there I became acquainted with a boy about my size. There are a lot of spruce trees there. My playmate said he would like some gum, so I said I would go with him to get it. We hustled around and got the necessary tools. We at last got started and soon reached a sugar house, where we found a ladder. Then we hunted for a tree.

Then we put up the ladder against the tree. My companion found another tree. Soon after I heard a rustling of leaves, but did not think anything of that. I soon heard a peculiar grunt, and turning around saw a bear—a big one, too. I jumped down and yelled to the other fellow, who was a little ways off. We ran as we never did before. We ran to a fence near by. This was a barbed wire fence. We climbed through and ran on, not daring to look back. When I did look I saw the bear trying to get through the fence.

### A Perilous Pony Ride.

(By F. B. Becton, N. C.)

On or about the 29th of January, 1900, I was called from my home by a telegram stating that my father was very ill and expected to die at any moment, on his farm near Cotton Plant, Ark. I had but one hour to get ready. My aunt was to accompany me. We had just time to catch the train for Goldsboro, where we got a through ticket to Brinkley, Ark.

In due time we arrived at that place. It was about two o'clock in the morning. We had to lie over until six o'clock.

At last the train arrived, and we boarded it as it pulled out of the station. The train was the slowest I had ever ridden on. At last we reached our destination only to learn that my father was dead and buried.

On the third day of my stay in Cotton Plant I thought I would like to ride about town. Mr. Lynch, the man I was staying with, had a pony. I asked him if I could ride him. He told me I could. I went in the lot to saddle the pony. I found the saddle and was about to draw the girth tight when the pony gave a sudden leap that dragged me from my feet under his heels. I had sense enough to turn loose the girth. His hoofs scraped my face, as he galloped across the lot to the other horses. I had a hard time catching him.

After a long time I caught him and once more tightening

the girth. This time, however, I got a rope and hitched him to the fence. After a while I got the saddle fixed. I mounted and tried to get him to go through the gate, but he would not move an inch. I got down and got a piece of copper wire and again mounted and began flogging him until I got him at a gallop. He went on for about two hundred yards, when again he stopped and put his head between his legs to try to buck.

I saw what he was going to do, and I hit him a good blow. Maddened by pain, the brute began biting at my legs. I gave him another blow, and when I did he began to kick and then rolled over on his back, and I thought my time had come, but a kind Providence was watching over me. For some strange cause he did not roll over on me. After that day I never attempted to ride that pony again.

### Nearly Drowned.

(By Fred Frey, New York.)

One day when it was raining very hard, I went out to see my brother, who lived in Ridgewood. There was a pond near the house and after it stopped raining we made a raft with four railroad logs.

We were on all afternoon until the evening. We were in the middle of the pond when the pole from the raft stuck in the mud. We had no boots on, so we jumped in up to our necks.

We went home soaking wet. As soon as we got home we put on dry clothes and went to bed for fear of catching cold.

### Overboard in a Gale.

(By P. Osland, Mass.)

One day last summer, while down on South street, New York City, I thought I would go to sea. I had never been to sea before except on a cattle boat. I soon found a job on a trader bound for South American ports. On the second day at sea a gale overtook us twenty miles off Cape Hatteras,

The captain, an old navy officer, told us that we were going to have a bad time of it. The gale came howling on and the waves seemed to run sky high. The captain yelled to every man to look out for himself, and I, thinking I could surely make the forecastle, started to run across the deck, but I didn't get more than five yards when a monstrous wave swept me overboard.

I made a clutch at the rigging, but I missed, and the next

instant I found myself in the water struggling for life. All of a sudden I clutched something, and it proved to be a spar and to this I clung for dear life.

I clung to the spar for some time, and then I lost consciousness and knew nothing more till I opened my eyes and saw a crowd of sailors and some officers standing over me. I had been picked up by a coasting steamer bound for Boston. When I arrived in Boston I made a vow that I would never go to sea again.

### A Tough Time at Cedar Lake.

(By Louis Stein, Chicago, Ill.)

When I was six years old I lived in the city of Chicago, and one day my parents proposed taking a trip to Cedar Lake, Indiana, where my uncle lived.

Well, we were all glad to go, so a week later found us at Cedar Lake, enjoying the fresh air and the pretty lake.

We went fishing, rowing and some of the larger boys went swimming.

One day we all went down to the pier to fish for a while, and my mother, and my brothers and sisters and a lady friend got into an empty rowboat to watch the men fish, but I did not go into the boat because I was afraid of falling out, so I watched the men fish and put the fish in a basket. My father told me to get into the boat and told me not to be afraid, because it was tied.

So I dropped my basket and started to get into the boat.

As I was stepping from the pier to the boat the boat moved out from the pier into the lake, and I lost my footing, and down I went into the water, which was of considerable depth.

I did not have sense enough to close my eyes, and I can still remember the yellow water.

Just as I was going down for the last time, head first, my father, being attracted by the screams of the women, came to the rescue. He grabbed me by the ankles, being the only part

of my body above water, and dragged me to dry land, safe but wet as a fish.

I was taken to the hotel and put into dry clothes and I soon got over my bath.

I went out into the back yard, where a large dog was tied to a long chain, and gave him a nice bone, but I tried to tease him by taking away the bone.

The first thing I knew I found myself lying flat on my back, with my left ear almost bit off, and a deep gash in the left side of my throat and gasping for breath, but soon I saw my mother come out screaming and clasping her hands. She knelt down beside me thinking I was dead, for I was a ghastly sight in the gathering gloom of evening.

I was taken into the house by my cousin and laid upon the bed, and a doctor was called. He soon arrived and dressed my wounds, and told my parents to be careful and not let me go out for a few days.

But I soon got as well that I was able to get around the house in about a week, but my wounds didn't heal until I got back to the city, where I lay in bed again for three weeks.

### Nearly Run Over.

(By J. P. Griffin, Jr., N. Y.)

About four years ago, before my father moved to Spring Valley we lived in Lynbrook, L. I. While there one day in August a friend and I were going to Long Beach for the afternoon. While waiting for the train a train backed off the switch and came alongside of the platform and stopped.

My friend and I, to catch a ride, jumped on and the train went down the track for quite a ways, stopped and started back.

We were standing on the steps, and when we came up to the platform which ran alongside for about 300 feet a boy yelled something, and thinking that I was on the second step, I turned around as the noise came from the rear and stepped

## ANOTHER PRIZE CONTEST! MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES

**SPALDING CATCHERS' MITTS, INFIELDERS' GLOVES, BASEBALL BATS**

**AND LONG DISTANCE MEGAPHONES ARE THE PRIZES THIS TIME.**

### HERE IS THE PLAN

a splendid chance for the splendid prizes we offer in this contest. Write it up just as it happened.

We offer a handsome prize for the most exciting and best written anecdote sent us by any reader of *BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY*. Incident, of course, must relate to something that happened to the writer himself, and it must also be strictly true. It makes no difference how short the articles are, but no contribution must be longer than 500 words.

### THIS CONTEST WILL CLOSE MAY 1

Send in your anecdotes, boys. We are going to publish all of the best ones during the progress of the contest.

#### HERE ARE THE PRIZES:

**THE THREE BOYS WHO SEND US THE BEST ANECDOTES** will each receive a first-class Spalding Catcher's Mitt. Made throughout of a specially tanned and selected buckskin, strong and durable, soft and pliable and extra well padded. Has patent lace back.

**THE THREE BOYS WHO SEND THE NEXT BEST ANECDOTES** will each receive a Spalding's Infelder's Glove. Made throughout of selected velvet tanned buckskin, lined and correctly padded with finest felt. Highest quality of workmanship throughout.

**THE TEN BOYS WHO SEND THE NEXT BEST ANECDOTES** will each receive an A1 Spalding League Baseball Bat. Made of the very best selected second growth white ash timber, grown on high land. No swamp ash is used in making these bats. Absolutely the best bat made.

**THE TEN BOYS WHO SEND US THE NEXT BEST ANECDOTES** will each receive a Spalding 12-inch "Long Distance" Megaphone. Made of fireboard, capable of carrying the sound of a human voice one mile, and in some instances, two miles. More fun than a barrel of monkeys.

**TO BECOME A CONTESTANT FOR THESE PRIZES** cut out the Anecdote Contest Coupon, printed herewith, fill it out properly and send it to *BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY*, care of Street & Smith, 238 William St., New York City, together with your anecdote. No anecdote will be considered that does not have this coupon accompanying it.

#### Coupon Buffalo Bill Weekly Anecdote Contest

PRIZE CONTEST NO. 3.

Date.....

Name.....

City or Town.....

State.....

Title of Anecdote.....

down, as I supposed, to the first step to ascertain the cause of the cry. But I had miscalculated, and stepped off the step to the platform with my back the way the train was going swiftly.

I was stunned from the fall, and on getting my reasoning back found myself between the track and the platform. I lay quiet until the train went by then got up and went to the beach after all.

### Adventure with a Mad Dog.

(By Walter Remery, R. I.)

One day when my brother and I were playing baseball in the yard belonging to our house, I was startled to hear my brother cry:

"What's the matter with Danger?"

Danger was our bulldog. He was a powerful fellow, weighing about forty-five pounds, and was nearly two feet tall.

From the time we bought him until a short time ago, he had always been a good-natured and playful animal, but recently he had grown ugly, and would growl and snap if any one went near him.

This day I, knowing how ugly he had grown to be, was greatly terrified by my brother's exclamation and turned to see what was the matter.

There was good cause for alarm. Danger was running around with froth flying from his mouth and snapping and snarling at the bushes and grass as he passed.

I took in the situation at a glance. The dog was mad. I had no sooner thought of this than the dog, seeming to perceive for the first time my brother, who was only seven years old, dashed at him with open jaws.

For an instant I was stunned. Then, after shouting to my brother to run for the house. I seized the baseball bat with which we had been playing, and sprang between Dick, my brother, and the maddened brute, who then made for me. When he got within five feet of me he sprang at my throat, but I sprang to one side and struck him a glancing blow on the head with the bat, which seemed to partly stun him.

Then before he recovered himself, I struck him with all my strength between the eyes with the heavy bat, and after a few feeble kicks he straightened out and died.

From that time our parents would not hear of us bringing a dog near the house, much to our sorrow.

### Two Days On an Island.

(By Eddie Bartold, Mo.)

As I was visiting my uncle in Alaska last summer, when the weather was warm I got acquainted with the coast and sea-side. Once when my parents went visiting I took a walk down to the seaside. The day was bright but windy, so I was quite eager for an adventure.

I espied a fisherman's boat lying on shore. Thinking I might take a little sail, I jumped in, put up the sails and started off.

I had a few crackers and cakes and began eating, but my speed increased, and before one hour I was out of sight of land. Seeing what I thought was sure death, I began crying, shouting and screaming, but no help was found.

In the distance I saw several small islands.

This gave me hope. Soon reaching these, I thought of home, parents and friends, but I picked up hope and sought for shelter. I built a hut of leaves and branches. I went to bed hungry, thirsty and wet. The next morning it rained, and no one can imagine the feeling it gave me.

But what was to be done, for I was hungry? Walking around, I found some seabirds on their eggs. Quickly chasing them, I took the eggs and managed to light a fire with a few wet matches. This same thing happened for two days.

On the third morning I beheld some sails. Wild with joy, I signaled, danced, hallooed and everything, just to bring them near me. In a few minutes I was in a boat and soon I reached home.

My parents had given me up for lost. I was in rags, and sick for a week after. This was a small adventure, but I won't be too foolish again.

This happened at Azore.

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# BOYHOODS OF FAMOUS MEN.

This department contains each week the story of the early career of some celebrated American. Watch for these stories and read them, boys. They are of the most fascinating interest.

Those already published are: No. 1—Buffalo Bill; No. 2—Kit Carson; No. 3—Texas Jack; No. 4—Col. Daniel Boone; Nos. 5 and 6—David Crockett; No. 7—General Sam Houston; Nos. 8 and 9—Lewis Wetzel; Nos. 10 and 11—Capt. John Smith; No. 12—Wild Bill; No. 13—Dr. Frank Powell, the Surgeon Scout; No. 14—Buckskin Sam; No. 15—Seneca Adams ("Old Grizzly" Adams); No. 16—Pony Bob (Bob Haslam); No. 17—Major John M. Burke (Arizona Jack); No. 18—Kit Carson, Jr.; No. 19—Charles Emmett (Dashing Charlie); No. 20—Alf Slade; No. 21—Arizona Charlie (Charlie Meadows); No. 22—Yellow Hair, the White Boy Chief (William Burgess); No. 23—Broncho Billy (William Powell); No. 24—Squaw-Man Jack (John Nelson); No. 25—Major Lamar Fontaine (the Sharpshooter King); No. 26—Buck Taylor (King of the Cowboys); No. 27—Bruin Adams (J. F. C. Adams).

## No. 28—CALIFORNIA JOE.

The real name of the great borderman known to fame as "California Joe" was not known to the public, if to any of his intimates.

Buffalo Bill knew him as well, if not better, than any other man, and he would not vouch for it.

Whether Joe had a reason for not giving his boyhood's name is also a mystery; but those who knew him best would not admit that such was the case.

It was the belief of a few intimates of the old trapper scout that a love affair in his early life that wrecked his happiness, caused him to leave home and friends and seek to exile himself in the wilderness, far from all who had ever known him, his hopes or his sorrows.

That he had been well educated in his younger days he betrayed now and then, and there were those who said that he spoke well both English and French, while he seemed to understand all about ships. He gave people the idea that he had traveled much.

There were others who asserted that he was a French Canadian, but whether born in the United States, Canada or abroad he would not tell.

His face showed that a shadow settled upon his life. He wore a long beard, his hair fell below his shoulders, and his eyes were as bright and piercing when animated as ever shone in a man's head.

His face in repose was sad, and his eyes then had a faraway look, as though he were looking back into the past.

His features were good, but there was a stern look hovering about his mouth that appeared brought there by a long and silent fight with himself.

Always neat about his person, he yet affected indifference and dressed like an out-and-out "old man of the mountains."

Ever silent, until called into conversation by circumstances, he then spoke in the border dialect wholly, except when feeling deeply, he would break out into good English, but quickly correct himself, again resuming the border manner of speech.

What had brought him West no one knew.

Some said he was a gold hunter, others that he was a fugitive from justice, and yet all assertions were uncontradicted by him.

He did not care for the money his beaver skins brought him.

As a trapper, he refused rewards earned for killing men upon whose head a price was set and until the last he remained a mystery, dying at last in a frontier settlement with sealed lips.

The first seen of him was when he was met by some scouts and took them to his cabin.

It was a cozy place, and he was a hospitable host, but somehow there was the appearance about that a woman had dwelt there.

Asked if such was the case, he said, simply: "There were a woman—a half-breed Injun squaw whose life

I saved; but she was killed by a party of Sioux one day, and her grave is right outside my cabin."

That was all that he would say of her, and of himself he said he was a trapper, and said that he had beaver and other good pelts enough to load half-a-dozen pack horses, and if the scouts would send animals from the fort after them he would "be dooly obleeged," and get his pay for them some day when he happened that way.

If the scouts had any idea at first that he might be a renegade, friendly with the Indians, this was dispelled the next morning when they saw tacked over his door a long row of scalps.

"You've got your share, old man," said a scout, pointing to the scalps.

"Not yet, not yet," he said, sadly, and this caused the belief that he had a wrong to avenge.

But more he would not say, save:

"I've got a buryin' ground back of ther cabin—it's right allus ter bury humans, if they do be redskins."

At the time the scouts happened upon him he was about forty years of age, his hair and beard streaked with gray.

His weapons were all of a pattern out of date, but seemed to suit him, and he could send a center shot with rifle or revolver as far as the bullet would go.

The scouts left the isolated home, much impressed with California Joe, but were not asked to call often.

In due time they returned with the pack animals, and impressed with their story of the man, an officer of the fort accompanied them and was well received. But the officer could learn nothing of the man, and interested deeply in him, asked him to visit him at the fort, saying that he would take special care to see that he got the best prices for his pelts, and keep the money for him.

"I'll come some day," he said, and waved his hand in farewell.

Months passed, and the trapper had not appeared at the fort, and the next time the officer met him was on the Overland Trail to the military post.

The officer was Lieutenant then, now Colonel Frank D. Baldwin, serving at present with distinction in the Philippines.

He was a passenger on the Overland coach, on the way to the fort, having gone on a special mission to another post to get a large sum of Government money from a paymaster who had been taken seriously ill.

He was alone in the coach when suddenly there came a shot, the driver fell from the box, the team came to a halt and a man appeared at each door with a revolver leveled.

One of the outlaws dropped dead, for in spite of the odds Lieutenant Baldwin fired, to defend the treasure in his care.

The other outlaw would have fired at the bold officer, but for a shot at a distance and a bullet piercing his brain.

Then were heard other shots, and when the officer leaped from the coach, he saw California Joe.

"We got 'em all, for that was but three of 'em—Why, I is glad ter see yer, loot'nent: hopes yer hain't hurted."

"Not in the least, my good man, but the driver is dead."

"You are the trapper, California Joe. You have saved my life and a big lot of Government money."

"I'm Joe, sir."

"I saw them fellers layin' in ambush, so I went inter hidin' ter thwart ther leetle game—I wish I cud hev saved ther driver."

"Poor fellow! But no man could do more than you did."

"Didn't think they were goin' ter kill ther driver er I'd hev shot fust."

"Well, will you go on to the fort with me?"

"Guess so, as I were lopin' that way."

"I'll drive ther old bus' and give ther bodies a free ride."

The bodies were placed in the coach, Lieutenant Baldwin mounted to the box with California Joe, who took the reins and showed that he had handled six-in-hands before.

At sunset they reached the fort a trifle ahead of time, in spite of the tragic halt, and Lieutenant Baldwin took California Joe at once with him to headquarters to meet General Carr.

"My man, you have done nobly, and saved the Government sixty thousand dollars, so we stand indebted to you for our three month's pay."

"What is your name?"

"California Joe."

"No other?"

"That's enough for me, general."

"Well, I'd like to have you here as a post scout, so the position is open to you."

"Too crowded here fer me, thank yer, general; but I'll scout fer yer, an' ef I finds any news you wants ter know, I'll come in with it."

"Good! you shall go on the books at once at sixty dollars a month and rations and horse."

"Won't take pay—my pelts will give me all I wants, and I hain't got need for more or money."

"I'll take a hoss, in case I might want to come in a hurry sometime, and I thinks the time is comin' when ther reds is goin' ter give yer trouble."

"A remarkable man, Baldwin, but a square one."

"I wish we knew something about him."

"Yes, general, but his lips are sealed for reasons of his own."

Several days California Joe remained at the fort, seemingly pleased with the parades, drills, music and taking a particular liking to Lieutenant Baldwin, who became more and more interested in the mysterious man.

Paid for his pelts, California Joe bought the supplies he needed and asked the balance of the money to be kept for him.

"There is no charge—general ordered you to be given all you need."

"It can't be."

"General's orders, and they go here."

Straight to the general went California Joe, and argument and urging were in vain.

"Yer has no claim ter feed me, general, and I won't hev it."

"All right, California Joe, but you will accept from me and Lieutenant Baldwin here this new repeating rifle, pair of revolvers and bowie, all of the latest pattern."

"My rifle's a good one, general, and—"

"Shoots but once, while this one is a Winchester."

"Take it back with you, Pard Joe, and if you don't like it you can return it to me," said Lieutenant Baldwin.

This he was persuaded to do, and General Carr said:

"And, Joe, my wife has gotten some blankets and a few other things, not bought at the sutler's, and it will hurt her deeply if you refuse them."

"I never uttered a word, or did an act in my life to hurt a woman—I will take them and thank her."

He had suddenly forgotten himself, it seemed, and Lieutenant Baldwin noticed that he spoke without the border dialect.

The words of the general, and act of his wife, seemed to have touched some tender chord in the man's heart.

So California Joe left the fort, leading the pack horse, well laden, to live through the long, hard winter alone.

Early in the spring he appeared at the fort again and for a long time was closeted with the general.

He came to report that the Sioux were rising in force for a blow at the forts as soon as the grass began to grow.

"I'll watch 'em, general, and report, only yer had better send some scouts ter camp nearer ter me, so I can go ter them."

Lieutenant Baldwin himself went in command of these scouts, a dozen in number, and the fort began to prepare for trouble.

"I likes yer rifle prime, loot'nent, an' it sure kills, both game an' Injuns."

"An' them things ther general's wife give me jest kept me warm as a cat before a fire," he said, as he went back to his cabin, riding by the side of the officer, who had seen to it that the sutler had well filled his pack saddle, and, for fear of need or accident he had been urged to take another horse along.

A week after he parted with him Lieutenant Baldwin saw California Joe ride into his scott camp and he reported that fully a thousand warriors were mounted and on the way to surprise the fort, going on a trail that he explained.

Back to the fort went the Lieutenant and his scouts, and within three days the attack was made, and well prepared for it, the garrison gave the Sioux a terrible defeat.

As California Joe did not appear again at the fort that fall, Lieutenant Baldwin, with a force, went to his cabin, for it was feared that the Indians had killed him.

All there showed that he had carefully packed up and left, doubtless early in the fall, and the next heard of him, over a year after, was that he sent in a report to another post that he had been up into the Big Horn Basin and found there the bones of a massacred party of gold hunters who had penetrated there.

Later California Joe appeared upon the Overland Pony Express Trail and saved the life of Buffalo Bill, then a pony rider, by killing a couple of outlaws who were in ambush to kill him.

That was Buffalo Bill's first meeting with the old trapper, and afterward they were devoted friends.

Reporting the hostile movements of Indians to a post, saving a stage coach from road-agents, and often doing deeds of heroism and even adding to his long string of scalps, kept California Joe before the people and military of the far West, until at last his call came to cross the Great Divide.

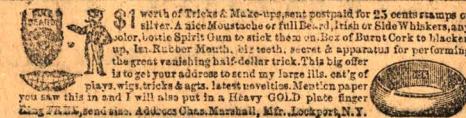
### My Adventure on a Bicycle.

(By Clyde Smith, Ala.)

It was on a fine day that I thought I would take a long ride on my wheel, so I started out, and I was going to a little place four miles from my home, and I rode very fast because I was late going. I arrived at the place not long after I got off and bought some ice cream and cake; then I played a while and then got on my wheel and rode off, but crossing a railroad my hind tire slipped and I fell off and my head hit the rail and stunned me. I jumped on again, and started on my way home. I was riding rather fast going down a small hill, and my hat blew off and I wanted to stop, so I stuck my foot in the front wheel and I happened to put it too far out, and my hind wheel flew up and I went over the handle bars on my face, but it did not break my wheel, so I got up and washed my face in a spring near by, then I started on my way again.

I then was a mile from home and going down a long mountain. The mountain was about one mile long and very rocky, it had so many curves in it. When I had come to the hill I said to myself I am going down this hill fast or break my neck, and I nearly broke my neck, for when I was going rather fast the chain of my wheel came off and I was so scared I did not think about stopping, and I let it go.

My heel went one way and I went the other. It threw me up against the side of a large tree and skinned my face. I got home some way and had my face tied up for two weeks. That was my last adventure on a wheel.



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